The Saturday Evening Post.

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UNFULFILLED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I dreamed a fair dream in the early Spring,
And I said, gazing down through the valley of time,
"When the red-breast robin is on the wing,
My beautiful dream will have reached its prime.
Fair and ripe, it will lie in wait,
Down by the Future's golden gate."

But the robin flying from South to North,
Swooped down the ether, and paused to say,
"Sing not of things that the Futures bring forth,
But sing and praise God for the things of to-day.
Thou knowest never what lies in wait,
Down by the Future's mystic gate."

But I answered the robin in mocking scorn,
"Sing as best pleases thee, feathered seer.
I sing of the days that shall ripen the corn,
And ripen my dream. I sing, nor fear.
I value the present only as what
Leads to the Future, golden fraught."

Ah me! the robin is on the wing;
And he singeth the song of a blithesome heart.
But I, who sang in the early Spring,
Weep in the pain of my sorrows' smart.
"Better for me, oh robin red,
Had I heeded the warning words you said."

The fresh, cool breath of the autumn wind
Stirreth the corn as a yellow sea,
But the fair, bright charm that I thought to find,
Ripened not with the corn for me.
Ah! little we know what lieth in wait
Down by the Future's bolted gate.

Westport, Wis.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

XVIII.

(*Persephone's Narrative Continued.*)

THE KEY OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

All that passed that evening, after Ruth had struck me on the face, seems like a dream.

Although the sun had set, I still stood at the window, partly to watch for Mrs. Rupell's return, partly to cool my burning face that yet tingled from the blow, though the burning was as much in my heart as in my face. I could not help feeling that I had brought it upon myself, but this did not lessen my resentment, and, in imagination, I saw Ruth expelled from Thornhaugh after I should have made my revelation to Mrs. Rupell. For the first time in my life, I was conscious of the possession of *power*, and the sense of it intoxicated me as I thought of the "fish-child" expelling from Thornhaugh the granddaughter of its mistress. As I was arranging an effective tableau in my mind, the moon started out from the clouds which had been thronging her, and shone down upon my upturned face. One of my beliefs was in "the man in the moon," and I had distinctly seen him look merry, and sorry, and cross, and even threatening, when great clouds were piled below, and dark shadows would cross his broad visage like a frown. Now, as I looked up, questioningly, I thought he bore a scared and guilty look, as of one who had lent his light to some deed he feared to look upon. It was a fantastic idea, but my head was full of such, and they were at once the torment and delight of my hours of solitude.

"What have you seen, moon—what have you seen?" I said, aloud: and, as I asked this question, a sweet, wild voice seemed to respond in a plaintive strain from the shadow of the trees. I started, and a thrill ran through me—but presently I recognised Ruth's voice, singing a favorite song of hers, as melancholy as a requiem.

I walked in the convent-garden this morning, this morning, early,
The lark was singing.
I sought the blue-bells, sought them fairly, very fairly,
I heard them ringing.
When, like two violets opening to the skies,
I met my darling's innocent blue eyes.

What seek you here so early in the morning, in the morning?
The lark is singing.
I seek the blue-bells, since the dawning, the bright dawning
I've heard their ringing.
Now that I see your eyes and hear your laughter,
I know what blue-bells I was seeking after.

I held her by the hands, so white, so white and slender,
The lark was singing.
I said, I'll be your slave and your defender, your defender—
And, to me clinging,
She sighed her heart lay on her fragrant lips,
And bade me take it as a bee sweet honey sips.

And this was in the morning very early, very early,
The lark was singing.
She won me with her false eyes, like the Lurlie, like the Lurlie,
The bells are ringing—
The vesper-bells, and those pale nuns have found her
Dead—with the flowers around her.

"Ruth!" I said, "Ruth!"

She came into the moonlight, at a bound, as it seemed to me—and stood there, leaning forward, her dress raised from the ground, and held tightly around her. I repeated her name.

"Oh! 'tis you!"

"Have you seen grandmamma?"

"Yes."

"Where was she?"

"Down by the Pool."

"Isn't she coming back?"

"I suppose so. She gave me a good scolding for being there at this time of night, and sent me back to the house."

"What is she doing there?"

"Just what I asked her—and she told me that was *her* affair."

"What! grandmother down at the Pool to-night?" said Ford, who had come into the room while we were speaking.

"Yes," said Ruth, coming in at the long window by which I had been standing, "and it is so cold, too, *so cold!*"

"I don't understand it at all," said Ford.

"She had been crying, too. What could she have been crying about?"

"Crying!"

"Hush! not so loud. She seemed excessively agitated, and was quite savage when I ventured to question her."

"I wonder you should have left her."

"Thank you, I didn't want my head snapped off."

"Where's my hat? I must go after her."

"Do light a lamp, first. This darkness is horrible. Egyptian darkness."

"And with such a moon?" I said.

"I can't read by the moon. Ford, *do* light a lamp before you go."

"I will—but I hate to lose a moment, I am so anxious."

"You will get no thanks for your pains," and Ruth laughed—a laugh without any mirth in it.

The lamp was lighted, and then Ford sprang through the window. I watched him as far as the moonlight would allow, and then turned away. It *was* very cold, and the chill seemed to strike through me. Ruth was sitting on a low seat by the grate. Her hair was all uncurled by the damp, and hanging over her shoulders. She looked very pale and ugly. I drew a chair to the opposite side of the grate, sat down, and looked at her. I liked to see her looking so. Presently my eyes reverted to the coals. To watch them at this hour was one of my delights.

The voice of Ruth broke in on my reverie—

"What do you see?" she asked.

"Oh! I see—a hearse—with plumes—at—the—four corners—and horses—and—"

"A regular funeral procession!" interrupted Ruth, "I will give you the music for it."

She went to the piano, and standing before it, played the Dead March from Saul. Then, striking a few irregular chords, she began a wonderfully grand and solemn movement, in the same measure, which at last became the march of a triumphant host bearing victorious banners. Louder and louder pealed the trumpets, nearer and nearer sounded the tramp of many feet, and a single clarion note rose above the thunder of the drums, and the shouts which hailed the conquerer, and wailed the fallen. Behold—it seemed to say—the blood you have spilled—the hearts you have broken—the rivers of tears of which you have opened the fountains! Hark to the shrieks of bereaved ones, the widows and orphans! See the flames you have kindled in homes peaceful and innocent, flames in which your soul, lost forever, shall still live in torment, for the fire is unquenchable! Woe! woe! woe! Woe to the Conqueror! A real cry of distress and horror rose above the music. Ruth stopped playing, and with her hands still upon the keys, looked back over her shoulder—

"What is that?" she said.

A confused sound of sobs and exclamations, a tread of many feet, the door opened, and four men with pale, horror-stricken faces, bore into the room something limp and helpless, from which the drapery swung, streaming with water that dripped heavily upon the floor at every step. I don't know how it happened, but I was all in a heap upon the floor beside it, clinging to the cold, wet hand, and crying—"Grandmamma! grandmamma!" and Ruth was foremost of a group of questioning, pallid, frightened faces, when a woman's voice said—"*She* never drowned *herself*. *She* did it," and an accusing finger was pointed at Ruth Rupell.

THE NANKING PAGODA.

Of the celebrated Nanking Pagoda we give a copy of a drawing taken on the spot by an English gentleman in 1842. It was well known as the "Porcelain Tower of Nanking," and was so called from the glaze put on the bricks of which it was built. The tint was various, too—blue, white, green and red—and the effect of the spectacle at a distance, in sunlight or moonlight, was very remarkable. It long stood as among the foremost of "the wonders of the world." It was built in the middle of the third century, as a monument to his mother, by the Emperor who was then reigning; and after bearing the winters of sixteen centuries it was destroyed by the rebels in 1858. It was 261 feet high, and consisted of nine stories. Each story was ornamented with lanterns, pictures, images and pithy proverbs. A flight of steps led up through each floor to the top. Each story had a landing-place where was a window, from which an agreeable and extensive view could be taken of the city, the river and the distant country. At the top the scene was particularly grand. Bells and lanterns swung from the corners of the several roofs which marked the separate stories, and the effect of the bells jingling with every passing breeze, or of the lanterns lit up on any festival night, was exceeding pleasing to the Chinese.

"The woman's mad," said a man's voice, "I *saw* her do it."

I looked up, and there was Andrew standing in the midst of them, his clothes dripping, his hands torn and bleeding. "I was in the summer-house by the Pool," he said, "putting away the bulbs on the shelves as she had told me this very morning. I had seen her walking near the water, and she had seen me, but I thought naught o' that till I heard something splash into the Pool. I thought not much o' that till I turned to go out, and found the door was fastened. Then I remembered that the mistress had been crying, and looked strange when I saw her—and somehow I put it together, and ran to the window. They're tight, and plate-glass, and I had nothing but my fists—but I hammered through one of them, and ran down to the water. It was still. I can dive—but where had she gone down? The moon came out bright then, and I saw a bit, bright scarf by the side. Here! I went in, and down, down, till I could catch hold of her gown. Then I brought her to the surface, and—Master Ford—came—"

Andrew sank into a chair, panting—almost sobbing.

"Give him a glass of brandy," said Ford. "Now all of you go but the women. Where's Bromer?"

"Here she is," said Mrs. Bromer herself. "What is the matter?"

"Grandmother." Ford could say no more, but moved to one side that she might see the corpse. "My mistress!" she said and fell on her knees beside it. "But where is the doctor?" she said, starting to her feet again.

"I have sent for him, but it is too late. You know I have studied medicine."

"But still there would be no harm in trying some of the usual means of restoration?"

"Not in the least, only—it seems a kind of desecration when life is absolutely extinct."

"Master Ford, Andrew said that he *saw* her do it, but he only *heard the splash*."

It was Susie who spoke—the one who had accused Ruth.

"Andrew—saw—what?" said Mrs. Bromer, who had raised the body of her mistress in her arms that she might remove the shawl, and now let it fall back upon the couch. Something dropped from the pocket of the dress, and struck the floor with a ping! Ford picked it up. *It was the key of the summer-house.*

"Do you see this?" he asked, holding it up to the general view. "This proves the truth of Andrew's story. Susie, you may leave the room and the house. What reason you may have for daring to connect my cousin's name with such a charge as you have brought forward to-night I will not ask. A *jealous* woman is much the same as a *mad woman*."

"Master Ford, what was Andrew's story?" asked Mrs. Bromer as Susie left the room.

Ford repeated it. Mrs. Bromer wrung her hands together.

"It was *my* doing, Master Ford, it was *my doing!* Oh! that I had bitten my tongue out before telling it! It was a secret. She vexed me and I told it her, and the hearing of it drove her out of her senses."

"Is this true that you are saying?"

"Send them out of the room, and I will tell you all. The child must not hear it."

We were all dismissed promptly by Ford, and went out of the room, leaving him and Mrs. Bromer alone with the dead body.

No one spoke as we all huddled down the long, dark corridor leading to the servants hall. I had hold of the hand of Jane one of the housemaids, and I squeezed it tighter and tighter as she half-carried me along.

"Here's a light, miss, *and* a fire," said Jane as the door was at last reached and opened. "Ain't you glad?"

"I guess we're all glad," said the laundress. "I'm just as wet as a sheet with perspiration, for it seemed as if missis was ahint me all the way."

"Don't say such things before Miss Percy," said Jane. "She's all in a trouble, poor thing!"

"Does yer suppose she's left *her* anything?" asked the cook in a loud whisper.

"Lor! wasn't it orful of Mrs. Bromer to drive missis out of her senses?" broke in Laura, another housemaid. "Isn't it the same as murder?"

"What could it ha' been as she told her?" queried the cook. "Some of master's doings, I'll be bound. She was here afore ever he married."

"Was she ever a good-looking one?" asked Laura.

"If she was, 'twas afore *my* time," said the cook. "But gentlemen's fancies—"

"Hush! here's the men!" interrupted Jane—and the footmen, coachmen, and gardener's boys came in all together, like a flock of frightened sheep.

"Where's Andrew?" some one asked.

"Changing his clothes. By goles! I wouldn't be in *his* shoes. She'll haunt him."

"You know they found the key in her pocket?"

This was something new to the masculine portion of the establishment, and a group was quickly formed around the fire to discuss this fact, and Mrs. Bromer's secret.

(*Interpolated in Persephone's Narrative.*)

It was the morning after Mrs. Rupell's death, and Ruth was walking in the garden at Thornhaugh. She was very pale—frightfully pale—and she knew it, for, as she walked, she struck her palms impatiently on either side of her face. Her black dress enhanced this pallor, and her hair was all knotted up at the back of her head, instead of trailing in loose curls over her shoulders. Grief is seldom becoming, especially when plain, mourning bands replace picturesquely-falling curls—unless one has a Madonna-face—and as Ruth had by no means a Madonna-face, she had draped a black-lace shawl around her head and shoulders, and made of herself, with her pallor and her downcast eyes, a Spanish donna going to confession. Where the veil crossed upon her bosom a bunch of white chrysanthemums relieved the sombre black. She made a pretty enough picture as she paused by the fountain, gazing into its shallow waters as if they had been deep and large, with some secret underlying their surface—and a man who was coming from the opposite direction stopped when he saw her, and surveyed her leisurely. It was only Andrew, the head-gardener, but when Ruth, looking up suddenly saw him, she almost started, and then walked quickly towards him.

He removed his hat as she approached him. Was it a fancy on her part, or was there something new and strange in his aspect, a look such as a loyal subject who had interposed between his monarch and some threatened danger might wear? The blood flew into her cheeks and her eyes changed color, as was their wont when she was agitated. "Andrew," she said, "what is this about your being locked into the summer-house?"

"It is as they told you last night, Miss Ruth." He seemed to have forgotten, or to ignore the fact of her presence at the time.

"That grandmother locked you into the summer-house before—her death?"

"Yes, Miss Ruth. The key was found in her pocket. Isn't that sufficient proof?"

"Andrew, *I did not do it.*"

"Miss Ruth, the woman who says so becomes my mortal enemy—the man *I would kill.*"

"But the story about the summer-house?"

"Look at my hands, if you do not believe it. They are useless. You see that I cannot work for some time."

"Poor hands!" She just touched them—the merest butterfly touch with the very tips of her fingers. Andrew reddened up to the roots of his hair and then grew very pale.

"Andrew, you think that you—are screening—*me!*"

"I do not understand you, Miss Ruth."

"You mean that you *will* not understand me! *Before God*, I am innocent, I am innocent." She almost wrung her hands.

"Miss Ruth, my adored young lady, I think you spotless."

Then she extended her hand to him, with an indescribable expression, and he, bending over it, kissed it, without even touching it with his own.

(*Persephone's Narrative Continued.*)

All was bustle and confusion from the time of the death until the time of the funeral. People came and went, and I did not know who they were or why they came, except from the general knowledge that the marble-like figure in the Blue-chamber drew them thither and sent them away again, when their mission was ended. Some were priests, I was told, but the funeral was to be very private, owing to the manner of her death, and the good priests went and came in a stealthy way, as if they had to do with some unholy thing.

I remember very little about the funeral, except that I cried myself ill, and that Ruth excited a great deal of sympathy by her appearance of "being borne to the earth by this terrible affliction." Neither Rupert nor Cecil were present. Cecil was too far distant to make his return in season possible, and no one seemed to know where Rupert might be. Ruth was questioned as to the address of the latter, but her reply was that her dear grandmamma disapproved so strongly of her correspondence with her cousin that she had discontinued it long ago, and as Rupert was leading such a wandering life there was no knowing where he would be from one week to another.

The will was appointed to be read three days after the funeral, and its contents excited a good deal of comment. The property was to be divided equally among her three grandsons, Ferdinand Frothingham, Rupert Rupell and Cecil Carmand, but not until a

year had elapsed, during which year they were to occupy the house in common, all the expenses of their residence during that time being chargeable to the estate. At the end of that period, if they could not agree among themselves as to which one of them should possess "Thornhaugh and the demesnes thereto pertaining," the place was to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and the proceeds of the sale added to the amount to be divided among the chosen heirs. "And this because there is a curse belonging to the place, and it were better that it should go forever out of the family." A final clause declared all the conditions of the will to be forfeited and "made of no effect" if any period of mourning for the testator should be observed. Since it was to be hoped that, by leaving this world for another, the had made a change very much for the better, and it was well known that those who had money to leave often did more good by dying than they could accomplish by living.

XIX.

AUNT JULIA.

Directly after the reading of the will, a copy of it was forwarded to Cecil's foreign address, and an attempt made to procure Rupert's former address from Ruth, but she had not the slightest recollection of it, and had lost the memorandum, so Cecil was written to, that he might seek out his cousin and inform him of their joint expectations.

Three months passed, and not a word had been heard from either of them. Ferd and I held our solitary state in the great, lonely house, under the supervision of Mrs. Bromer, who still retained her position as housekeeper, Ferd saying that, as far as he was concerned, he wished no changes, and he should feel at liberty to make none without the concurrence of his cousins. What arrangements had been made about me I do not know, but I think I must have gone in as one of the expenses chargeable to the estate, for Ferd said that I was to stay at Thornhaugh until his cousins should make their appearance, they, with himself, being the proper arbiters of my destiny. So we passed our time very quietly, but not unhappily, Ferd by no means transgressing the conditions of the will, but having too good taste and too much natural feeling to enter into any gayeties, while at the same time he avoided any ostentation of mourning. In this interval he was making constant efforts through his lawyers to discover the whereabouts of his cousins, and had them advertised extensively in different foreign journals.

At last news of Cecil came. He had taken it into his head to travel in the East, and after an infinite variety of adventures, had been captured by a party of Bedouin Arabs. But having adopted their nomadic life and distinguished himself upon several occasions, had so won their admiration and confidence, that he was enabled to make his escape, and was then on his way to Italy, intending to winter there, unless some other plan should suggest itself in the interval. He gave the address to which his letters were to be sent, and said he wished to be told all the news, for he supposed the world might have turned upside down in his absence, and he should be none the wiser. Ferd immediately wrote to inform him that *his* little world had made very much such a somersault, and to beg him to put himself on the track of Rupert, as soon as possible.

"If Cecil is coming," said Ferd, to me, "I must arrange it so that the girls can come to the house. I will write to Aunt Julia."

"Who is Aunt Julia."

"Grandmother's brother's wife. And she's jolly. As she is a widow, and has no children to look after, perhaps she will come and look after us."

"Then Ruth can come here?"

"Yes; then Ruth—can—come here," said Ferd, slowly.

"I am sorry."

"Sorry!"

"I should like never to see her again."

"Why? little one!" said Ferd. Ferd always called me "little one," now.

"Oh! *you* don't know her! She's always sliming around you, and around all the men!"

Then I related the little episode of the kiss in the wood, the twisting of my ankle, and the way she tormented Susie through Andrew. Ferd listened in silence.

"Haven't you mistaken, little one?"

"About what?"

"About—the ankle!"

"I suppose I fainted away purposely?" I retorted, indignantly.

"I don't mean that. But might she not have thought she was helping you?"

"No—no—*no!*" I said, vehemently. "Go away. You are *her* friend."

"I am a friend to both of you."

"You can't be *her* friend, and mine too. You've got to pinch and slap me, if you're her friend."

"She never did that?"

"No; but she would have liked to."

"Little one, I'm afraid that you are suspicious."

"I am not. Ask the girls; ask Susie and Jane."

"I certainly shall not question the servants about my cousin; and it would be as well if you did not listen to so much kitchen-gossip."

I was silent. My heart was swelling with grief and resentment. Ferd did not believe me, and he did believe in Ruth.

"Come, cheer up, little one. Everything will be right if Aunt Julia will only come. She is very fond of little girls, and will take your part against every one, even cross Cousin Ferd."

"You are *not* cross, Ferd," I said, nestling against him again. "If you only would—"

"But I only will *not*, little one. So don't say anything more about it."

I did not say anything more about it. And "Aunt Julia" was written to, and came—and I thought her lovely; she was so plump and pleasant, and seemed to love me at once.

"Ferd, do you see?" she said, stopping to kiss me, before taking off her bonnet, or giving directions about her trunks.

"What, auntie?"

"Oh! I forgot—you can't remember how your grandmother looked, at this child's age."

"Hardly," said Ferd, smiling. "Can you?"

"No; but I have seen the picture."

"So have I."

"How foolish of me! Of course you have! Well, doesn't she look like it?"

Ferd surveyed me, critically.

"They both have light hair."

"And arms and legs," retorted Aunt Julia, indignantly.

"Certainly."

"But the nose and mouth are perfect."

"They are very charming."

"Nonsense! I mean they are just like Eleanor's. Oh, go away! You are as much of a tease as ever."

"Honestly, I cannot see the resemblance."

"*I* do—so that is enough."

"Quite enough. Well, auntie, I wish you joy of your kingdom; but I warn you, you'll find a Tartar in your prime-minister."

"I don't care, so long as tisn't cream-of-tartar."

"She's more majestic than sour—like—like a pompion."

"Go along," said Aunt Julia. And Ferd went.

When I was alone with Aunt Julia, I tried to find out what she thought of Ruth. This was very easily done; for she talked to me as if I had been a grown-up person, and I found that we agreed charmingly.

"She has her eyes on the spoons, you may depend upon it," said Aunt Julia, shaking her head energetically at the close of my re-capitulation of the facts I had narrated to Ferd—which speech was intended to be metaphorical, and referred to Ruth's possible intentions with regard to the property. But I did not understand, and so observed—

"There are six dozens of them."

"Goodness gracious!" said Aunt Julia, laughing. "I mean that she will marry all of them, if we don't look out."

"The—the spoons?" I said, altogether bewildered.

"Yes; the spoons, my nephews. We must keep an eye on her."

"Four," I said, literally, and Aunt Julia laughed again.

"You're a funny child!" she said at last, wiping her eyes. "And a dear," she added, giving me an energetic squeeze. I was delighted. It was evident that Aunt Julia and I should be the best of friends.

That very evening Mrs. Roger and Cassa called, but no Ruth. Cassa brought Lula with her.

"I thought you would like to see a bright face," she said to Ferd.

Now, in one sense of the word, Lula's face was anything but bright, and Aunt Julia laughed outright, which wofully disconcerted Cassa.

"Where is Ruth?" she asked, when her laugh was finished.

"I left her at home with a book."

"A book is very good company when a man can't be had."

"Ruth is rather inclined to be studious," said good-natured Mrs. Roger.

"*I* never was," said Aunt Julia. "I had always rather chat with some lively friend, male or female, than read the best book that ever was written."

"You agree with the herd, then?" said Cassa, in whose memory that laugh yet rankled.

"And who is T. Hurd?" asked Aunt Julia.

Ferd giggled, in spite of himself. Lula looked wonderingly around, and Cassa got up to look at a hanging basket.

"The Lord have mercy on you, Ferd," said Aunt Julia, when they were gone.

"Why?" asked Ferd, looking up in some alarm.

"I see that you are unconscious of your danger."

"I certainly am."

"My dear, you are on the very brink of—"

"Of what?"

"Matrimony."

"I!"

"There! you *don't* know it!"

"Not I."

"Ferd, if you don't take care, you'll be married in three months."

"To whom?"

"To that woman who can beat the others in the siege of you."

"I wish her joy of me."

"Nonsense! You're too young to be married."

"I quite agree with you."

"Then don't make a fool of yourself."

"Not willingly."

In the morning, Ruth came to call. She wore a black dress, enlivened only by a white collar. All her little theatrical effects seemed to be laid aside for the present, and she appeared only a modest, simple-mannered girl, drooping a little under a recent affliction. She seemed to make quite a favorable impression upon Aunt Julia, who however watched her closely when she told her that Cecil would be home before long. Ruth looked her frankly in the face and said, "I am very glad—I have missed him so much."

"You are honest, child," said Aunt Julia.

"I hope so," said Ruth, with an openness of expression that was quite cherubic.

When Ferd came in, Ruth met him without the least tinge of coquetry in her manner. Indeed the tears came into her eyes as she extended her hand, saying, "The last time I was here—" and then stopped.

"You miss her," said Ferd.

Ruth inclined her head, as if unable to speak, and turned away with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Do you know that Cecil is coming soon?" said Ferd, and Ruth repeated her former pretty assertion of interest in the fact.

In the course of the evening Ferd asked Ruth to play and sing to him, and the music seemed to complete the conquest of Aunt Julia, who said to her as she parted from her, "It is three years since I have seen you, Ruth, and I must confess that I am agreeably disappointed in you. You are wonderfully improved."

Ruth's reply to this speech was first to droop on her aunt's shoulder, and then to kiss her "with effusion."

From this day dated a violent admiration for Ruth on the part of Aunt Julia. I was petted to my heart's content, but I could see that I was a secondary consideration when Ruth was present. As I had been first with Mrs. Rupell, I did not like to be second with Aunt Julia; but if I even dared to hint that Ruth was anything but an angel, Aunt Julia informed me that she had once been as mistaken as myself, and was now quite ashamed of the prejudice she had cherished.

Ruth was at Thornhaugh almost every day, and when she did not come Aunt Julia would send for her.

One day a letter came from Cecil, in reply to the one Ferd had written about the property, fixing the time of his return, and saying that he had obtained no intelligence of Rupert, although he had searched all Paris.

"Why didn't he look for him in Rome?" said Aunt Julia.

"He had just come from Rome," replied Ferd, "and it is very easy to find out what artists are there."

"Now that Cecil is coming," said Aunt Julia to Ruth, "I want you to make me a nice long visit, that you may help me to entertain him. (Some of my time *must* be given to the housekeeping, and boys are always bored if there is no young lady in the house."

Ruth accepted the invitation with alacrity, and it was arranged that she should come as soon as convenient. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 20, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engravings in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

STACKS! STACKS!!

Now subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOTTIE DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

ROBERT GRAHAM. A Sequel to Linda. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN: Advice to the Maiden, Wife, and Mother. By GEO. H. NAPHEYS, A. M., M. D., Member of Philadelphia County Medical Society, &c. Published by George Maclean, 719 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; OR, WHICH WON? By ROSA ABBOTT. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

THE SUNSET LAND; OR, THE GREAT PACIFIC SLOPE. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D. D. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "Spartacus and the Gladiators," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

POPPING THE QUESTION; OR, THE BELLE OF THE BALL. By Mrs. GORDON SMYTHIES, author of "The Jilt," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The October number of this Review contains articles on Islam, The Byron Mystery, Higher and Lower Animals, &c. The article on the Byron Mystery appears to be an unanswerable answer to Mrs. Stowe's article, producing for the first time as it does those affectionate letters of Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh quoted in last week's POST. It also shows up Mrs. Stowe's many inaccuracies, contradictions, &c. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

THE COURT CIRCLES OF THE REPUBLIC; OR, THE BEAUTIES AND CELEBRITIES OF THE NATION. By Mrs. E. F. ELLET; with Sketches by Mrs. R. E. Mack. Sold by Subscription only by the Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

THE SOPRANO. A Musical Story. By JANE KINGSFORD. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR OCTOBER. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER. Monthly Part. Price 50 cents. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

☞ It is stated that one hundred and eighty thousand people have left Havana since the Cuban revolution commenced, and that there are ten thousand vacant houses in the city.

Transfusion of Blood.

This operation, which consists in the actual transfer of the blood of one living body into the veins of another, has been recently performed in the Pennsylvania Hospital, under the following circumstances: A young man in the upper part of the city was wounded on the inner surface of the upper lip, by tripping and falling on the fragments of a pitcher which he had been carrying in his hand. The wound continued to bleed for ten days, after which time the patient was sent to the surgical wards of the Hospital, which were, at the time, under the charge of Dr. T. G. Morton. Several remedies were then applied, and the arteries supplying the face were tied, but without success in controlling the flow of blood. Recourse was next had to cutting down to the common carotid or great artery of the neck, and applying a ligature, so as to obstruct entirely the course of the blood in it. This was done on the 18th of October last. The oozing of blood still continued, but in lessened quantity. On the following day, or the 19th, the patient was in such a state of extreme exhaustion from the long-continued hemorrhage that his death seemed to be imminent, and, as a last resource, Dr. Morton resolved to try the effect of transfusion. We shall not pretend to describe the apparatus used on the occasion, or the details of the operation. Let it suffice for us to say that two medical students bared their arms and gave the blood required for the occasion. Five ounces and a half of their blood were infused into the vein of each arm of the patient, the marked good effects of which were evinced in five minutes by the rallying of the pulse and otherwise beginning reaction. There was no further discharge of blood from the original wound, and in ten days the patient was able to walk in the ward, and rapidly regained strength.

Whatever may be the termination of this case, regarded as one of a wound with complicated symptoms, there can be no question of the entire success of the operation of transfusion, and of its saving life and restoring the patient, for a while at least, to the exercise of his ordinary functions. Transfusion was first practised in the early part of the seventeenth century, although its use in England and on the continent generally dates from the middle of this century. The first operations were on animals, and the first instance of one being performed on man, if we except that described by Libarius, was in Paris, by Denys and Emmerez, in 1666.

In the succeeding year their example was followed by Lower and King, in England. In these and other cases of subsequent date, the blood was taken from an animal—a sheep or calf, but grave objections to this course present themselves in the different character of the globules of the blood of animals from those of the human subject, and in later times the transfusion is always from one to another of individuals of our own species. The profession is much indebted to Dr. Blundell, an eminent English accoucheur, for his ingenious researches concerning transfusion, and his improved method for its successful use. He showed in the result of cases of excessive exhaustion from loss of blood, occurring in his large obstretrical practice, and when life seemed about to ebb away, how it could be suddenly and completely rescued by transfusion. The New York Medical Record, of October 1st, contains an account, by Dr. Joseph Buscher, of a successful case of transfusion. The patient was a young German woman, who had lost much blood by typhus fever. The fresh blood was taken from the arm of her husband.—*Philada. Ledger.*

Forgery of French Bank Notes.

When photography became established as a practical art, it was found that bank notes printed with black ink lent themselves too readily to the machinations of the forger. Thereupon the Bank of France determined to employ blue ink, which baffles the photographic imitator, and to have some engraved device or other on both surfaces. This plan has been completely successful. In regard to other modes of falsification, an experienced chemist is constantly employed in studying all new discoveries that may perchance be brought into requisition, in order to devise means of averting forgery. Forgery of the notes is now extremely rare. On one occasion, three persons attached to a deposed royal prince were found to have been concerned in a deep-laid scheme of note-forgery; a packet containing twelve false notes of 1,000 francs each was presented to be cashed, but the fraud was detected in time to avert loss. About 1853, a more determined attempt upon the bank was made. False 100-franc notes came to the bank with great rapidity and regularity. They were so admirably executed that no banker, money-changer, or trader could detect the fraud, and therefore no reason presented itself for refusing to take them in the ordinary way of trade. The experts at the bank alone detected them by means of a tiny black spot near the figure of Mercury. For eight years continuously did these notes make their appearance, defying all endeavors on the part of the authorities to discover the malefactors. The bank did not like to make the fraud known, lest it should shake the confidence of the public in the 100-franc notes generally. At last the clever scoundrel was discovered; he was an engraver, and it was found that he had successfully put into circulation false notes to the value of nearly 200,000 francs. His end was strange and horrible. Transported to Cayenne in 1862, he tried to escape into the Dutch settlements; faint and exhausted, he became fast embedded in the thick slimy mud of a river, and was there *eaten alive by crabs!*

THE FRANKLIN FUND.—Dr. Franklin's fund of £1,000, which he willed to Boston in 1791, and expected to increase to £131,000 in a hundred years, amounted to only $133,493 36 on the 1st of January last, and at this rate of increase will not reach that amount at the appointed time. Dr. Franklin directed that it should be loaned in small sums to young married artificers; that £100,000 should be expended for public works in 1891, and the remainder continue on interest another hundred years, when a portion was to go to the city, and some £3,000,000 to the state.

☞ Hon. Robert J. Walker died in Washington City on the 11th inst. Mr. Walker was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, in 1801, and was a statesman of much ability and eminence.

☞ Cigar etiquette in Cuba is, when you ask for a light, even if the party be a stranger, to pull out your case and offer him a cigar, by way of recognising the civility in stopping to accommodate you.

Death of Admiral Stewart.

Rear Admiral Charles Stewart died at his residence in Bordentown, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, November 6th. Full of honors, as he was ripe in years, he passed peacefully away. He was best known as "Commodore Stewart," a title to which he affectionately clung, long after Congress had by a special act conferred upon him the distinguished rank of "Senior Flag Officer" of the United States Navy. His career covers nearly the whole history of our navy, for it is now within a few months of seventy years, since he made his first capture as the commander of an American ship.

Admiral Stewart's remains were brought to this city, and deposited in Independence Hall until his interment. A large procession of military, marines, and civil societies took part in the funeral ceremonies on the 10th. He was buried in Ronaldson's Cemetery, in this city.

The United Presbyterian Church.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 12.—This has been a glorious day in the history of Presbyterianism. Old and New School are no more. There is one grand united church. Both assemblies were dissolved at 10 o'clock. The New School moved in procession to Wood street, opposite to the First Presbyterian Church. The Old School formed on the opposite side. The Moderators then advanced into the middle of the street, joined arms and moved up Fifth avenue, the members following in like manner. Thus the procession moved through crowded streets, and, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, to the Third Presbyterian Church. An immense congregation filled every part of the house.

After devotional exercises, Dr. Fowler, Moderator of the New School Assembly, addressed the congregation. The two Moderators joined hands, amid enthusiastic applause. Dr. Jacobus responded. Addresses were then made by Drs. Musgrove, Adams, Fisher and Hall, and by Elders Drake, Day and Dodge. This closed the programme, but the audience called loudly for George H. Stewart, who had done much to effect this union, and who responded briefly. A communion service at 3 o'clock and a missionary meeting to-night closed these interesting exercises.—*Philada. Ledger.*

CURIOUS, IF TRUE.—In Scotland, within the past few years (a contemporary says) the consumption of spirituous liquors has *decreased* about one-third. Within the same period—that is, since 1853—there has been a corresponding *increase* in pauperism and crime. Here is a fact, abundantly vouched for by official returns, which flies directly in the face of all the ordinarily accepted beliefs concerning the intimate connection between whiskey and want, beer and beastliness, porter and poverty. The canny Scots drink less than they did sixteen years ago, but they are more vicious and have more poverty among them than when they drank more. Facts are more valuable than theories; and how is this fact to be explained?

[*Note.*—It may be that they drink less because they are poorer—and not that they are poorer because they drink less. The increase of vice may also be a result of increased poverty. But why they are poorer, we know not.—*Ed. Sat. Post.*]

☞ Rev. Ephraim K. Avery, who was tried at Tiverton, R. I., in May, 1833, for the murder of Sarah Maira Cornell, and acquitted, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence against him, died recently in Ohio, at the age of over seventy years. He had relinquished the Ministry, and had been living for the last thirty years in Ohio as a farmer. The murder, at the time of its occurrence, created great excitement in the New England and Middle States.

☞ GOT THE BEST OF HIM.—Two Americans at Baden Baden the other day were dining with a pair of Paris ladies, when a Russian prince, who, perhaps, wished to pick a quarrel, purchased two glorious bouquets and sent them to the ladies with his compliments. The Americans merely glanced over to his table, bowed cordially, and sent him back by the waiter two Napoleons. He was so much chagrined that he left the room.

☞ A recently appointed postmistress at a post-office on the plains, sends her first quarterly report to the Department with the following foot note:—"For weeks past I have slept with a six-shooter by my bedside and a carving-knife under my pillow, expecting at break of day the Indians would come for my scalp, but all of this has not been half so harrassing to my mind as the making out of one quarterly report."

☞ There is profound truth in the statement of our poet laureate, that women differ, "Worst and best, as Heaven and hell." It has been noticed by an eminent writer, that the fiercest persecutions have been the result of female influence. "The most atrocious of the Pagan persecutions was attributed to the mother of Galerius; and in Christian times the Spanish Inquisition was founded by Isabella the Catholic; the massacre of St. Bartholomew was chiefly due to Catherine de Medicis; and the most horrible English persecution to Mary Tudor."—*English Paper.*

☞ SMART.—Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Knee-high-miah.—*Bedford (Ind.) Independent.*

How about Bill Dad, the Shuhite (shoe-height?)—*Owyhee Wave.*

Why, man, Toi (toe-high) knocks the socks from your Shuhite, and certainly Lo-ammi (low am I) stood the shortest of all.—*Idaho World.*

☞ In view of the probability of getting snow bound on the Pacific Railroads, provision cars, it is suggested, should accompany every train, to save passengers from the peril of starvation. The advice is good and seasonable.

☞ The latest Internal Revenue decision about whiskey, a correspondent interprets to mean an official prohibition of whiskey men mixing water with their liquor. The Commissioner says all "watered spirits" are to be confiscated, and therein shows his evident leaning for "whiskey straight."

☞ The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

☞ They have a public library in Melbourne which is open to all upon one condition, viz.: every one who enters must have clean hands. Soap, water and towels provided in the ante-room.

☞ Gen. Banks learned the printing trade when a young man in the office of the "Boston Traveller." Mrs. Banks, when a girl, also worked in the same office. They left the "Traveller" office to start a weekly paper at Waltham, Mass., which was carried on successfully for some time with the aid of one "jour" printer.

The Dead Sea of California.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Mono Lake, or the Dead Sea of California, is one of her most extraordinary curiosities, but being situated in a very out-of-the-way corner of the country, and away up among the eternal snows of the Sierras, it is little known and very seldom visited. A mining excitement carried me there once, and I spent several months in its vicinity. It lies in a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is guarded by mountains 2,000 feet higher, whose summits are hidden always in the clouds. This solemn, silent, sailless sea—this lonely tenant of the loneliest spot on earth—is little graced with the picturesque. It is an unpretending expanse of grayish water, about a hundred miles in circumference, with two islands in its centre, mere upheavals of rent, and scorched and blistered lava, snowed over with gray banks and drifts of pumice-stone and ashes, the winding sheet of the dead volcano, whose vast crater the lake has seized upon and occupied.

The lake is 200 feet deep, and its sluggish waters are so strong with alkali that if you only dip the most hopelessly soiled garment into them once or twice, and wring it out, it will be found as clean as if it had been through your ablest washerwoman's hands. While we camped there our laundry work was easy. We tied the week's washing astern of our boat, and sailed a quarter of a mile, and the job was complete, all to the wringing out. If we threw the water on our heads and gave them a rub or so, the white lather would pile up three inches high. This water is not good for bruised places and abrasions of the skin. We had a valuable dog. He had raw places on him. He had more raw places on him than sound ones. He was the rawest dog I almost ever saw. He jumped overboard one day to get away from the flies. But it was bad judgment. In his condition, it would have been just as comfortable to jump into the fire. The alkali water nipped him in all the raw places simultaneously, and he struck out for the shore with considerable interest. He yelped, and barked, and howled as he went—and by the time he got to the shore, there was no bark to him—for he had barked the bark all out of his inside, and the alkali water had cleaned the bark all off his outside, and he probably wished he had never embarked in any such enterprise. He ran round and round in a circle, and pawed the earth and clawed the air, and threw double somersaults, sometimes backwards and sometimes forwards, in the most frantic and extraordinary manner. He was not a demonstrative dog, as a general thing, but rather of a grave and serious turn of mind, and I never saw him take so much interest in any thing before. He finally struck out over the mountains, at a gait which we estimated at about 250 miles an hour, and he is going yet. This was about five years ago. We look for what is left of him along here every day.

A white man cannot drink the water of Mono Lake, for it is nearly pure lye. It is said that the Indians in the vicinity drink it sometimes, though. It is not improbable, for they are among the purest liars I ever saw. [There will be no additional charge for this joke, except to parties requiring an explanation of it. This joke has received high commendation from some of the ablest minds of the age. Horace Greeley remarked to a friend of mine, that if he were ever to make a joke like that, he would not desire to live any longer.]

There are no fish in Mono Lake—no frogs, no snakes, no pollywogs—nothing, in fact, that goes to make life desirable. Millions of wild ducks and seagulls swim about the surface, but no living thing exists *under* the surface, except a white, feathery sort of a worm, one-half an inch long, which looks like a bit of white thread frayed out at the sides. If you dip up a gallon of water, you will get about fifteen thousand of these. They give the water a sort of grayish-white appearance. Then there is a fly, which looks something like our house fly. These settle on the beach to eat the worms that wash ashore—and any time you can see them a belt of flies an inch deep and six feet wide, and this belt extends clear around the lake—a belt of flies one hundred miles long. If you throw a stone among them, they swarm up so thick that they look dense, like a cloud. You can hold them under water as long as you please—they don't mind it—they are only proud of it. When you let them go, they pop up to the surface as dry as a Patent Office report, and walk off as unconcernedly as if they had been educated especially with a view to affording instructive entertainment to man in that particular way. Providence leaves nothing to go by chance. All things have their uses and their proper place in Nature's economy. The ducks and gulls eat the flies—the flies eat the worms—the Indians eat the flies—the wild-cats eat the Indians—the white folks eat the wild-cats when the crops fail—and thus all things are lovely.

Mono Lake is 150 miles in a straight line from the ocean—and between it and the ocean are one or two ranges of mountains—yet thousands of sea-gulls go there every season to lay their eggs and rear their young. One would as soon expect to find sea-gulls in Tennessee. And in this connection let us observe another instance of Nature's wisdom. The islands in the lake being merely huge masses of lava, coated over with ashes and pumice-stone, and utterly innocent of vegetation or anything that would burn; and sea-gulls' eggs being entirely useless to anybody unless they be cooked, Nature has provided an unfailing spring of boiling water on the largest island, and you can put your eggs in there and in four minutes you can boil them as hard as any statement I have made during the past fifteen years. Within ten feet of the boiling spring is a spring of pure cold water, sweet and wholesome. So, in that island you get your board and washing free of charge—and if Nature had gone further and furnished a nice American hotel clerk who was crusty and disobliging, and didn't know anything about the time tables, or the railroad routes—or—anything—and was proud of it—I would not wish for a more desirable boarding-house.

Half a dozen little mountain brooks flow into Mono Lake, but not a stream of any kind flows out of it. It neither rises nor falls, apparently, and what it does with its surplus water, is a dark and bloody mystery. All the rivers of Nevada sink into the earth mysteriously after they have run a hundred miles or so—none of them flow to the sea, as is the fashion of rivers in all other lands.

There are only two seasons in the region round about Mono Lake, and these are the breaking up of one winter and the beginning of the next. More than once I have seen a perfectly blistering morning open up with the thermometer at ninety degrees at eight o'clock, and seen the snow fall fourteen inches deep and that same identical thermometer go down to forty-four degrees under shelter, before 9 o'clock at night. Under favorable circumstances it snows at least once in every single month in the year, in the little town of Mono. So uncertain is the climate in summer that a lady who goes out visiting cannot hope to be prepared for all emergencies unless she takes her fan under one arm and her snow-shoes under the other. When they have a Fourth of July procession it generally snows on them, and they do say that as a general thing when a man calls for a brandy toddy there, the bar-keeper chops it off with a hatchet and wraps it up in a paper, like maple sugar. And it is further reported that the old sonkers haven't any teeth—wore them out eating gin cocktails and brandy punches. I don't endorse that statement—I simply give it for what it is worth—and it is worth—well, I should say, millions, to any man who can believe it without straining himself. But I do endorse the snow on the Fourth of July—because I know that to be true.—*Buffalo Express.*

A New Outlet to the Mississippi Valley.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers:—

"A project is to be brought to the attention of Congress at the next session, to make for commerce a new mouth of the Mississippi river, by a canal of great capacity, on the line of the unfinished James river and Kanawha canal, across the mountains of Virginia. The proposed work would be 400 miles long, and would make a continuous water communication from the sea westward to the 17,000 miles of navigation in the Mississippi valley. It is claimed that such a work would increase the value of Western produce a hundred millions a year, while cheapening bread in the East; because, as estimated, Western grain would save fully two-thirds of the freight now paid by the consumer and producer to the carrier."

The Autumn Leaves.

The change of color of the leaves in Autumn from green to red has been attributed to the effect of acid, and it was asserted that the green color could be restored by submitting the leaves to the action of an alkali. This hypothesis, however, was advanced without any basis of facts to support it, but the London Athenæum now asserts that the theory has been established by experiment. Autumn leaves placed under an exhausted receiver with vapor of ammonia, it is asserted, in nearly every instance lost the red color and renewed their green. In some leaves, such as the sassafras, the blackberry, and maple, the change was rapid, and could be watched by the eye, while others, particularly certain oaks, turned gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green.

A HUSBAND-HUNTING WIDOW.—A novel wedding was celebrated in Memphis on the 28th of Oct. A widow from North Carolina, Mrs. M. Blackwell, on her way to the Red river country with all her household goods, including several children, determined to fill the place of the late Mr. Blackwell upon short notice. Procuring a marriage license with a blank for the name of her husband, she explained her wishes to the landlord of the wagon yard, where she rested while in transitu, who introduced to her a young trapping fellow named Dalton, who was nothing loth, and the two were made one five minutes afterward, where they stood in the wagon yard. After the ceremony the new matched pair took up their march for their new home.

☞ Placards have been posted at Clapham, England, containing the following invitation to worshippers at Bethseda Chapel: "Ned Wright, who, before his conversion, was convicted three times of burglary, will deliver a gospel address. Come and welcome. No collection."

☞ It is estimated at the Quartermaster General's office that by the time the work is done there will be buried in the various Government cemeteries not less than 305,000 Union soldiers.

☞ A ray of light travels nearly 10,000,000 miles per minute. Astronomers tell us that some of the stars are so distant as to require for a ray of light to reach us 2,000,000 years.

☞ It is a common practice of the Italians to insert the date of their letters between the final salutation and the signature.

☞ It is estimated that by the end of the year 1869 there will be laid in the United States, in round numbers 110,000 tons of steel rails, equal to 1,100 miles of steel road; and of this amount about 30,000 tons (equal to 300 miles) will be laid during the present season. These rails are in use on more than fifty different roads, and are partly of American, principally of English, and to a small extent of Prussian manufacture.

☞ Of seven hundred Baptist churches in Missouri, not more than twenty-five have preaching regularly.

☞ In Marshal Niel's will, lately opened, occurs the following passage:—"I recommend to my dear children, after the fear and love of God, honesty and probity, which have always been hereditary in our family."

☞ "If God ever made a nuisance," said General Butler the other day to a reporter who had called to "interview" him, "the interviewing reporter is one, and you can make a personal application of the statement if you want to." The reporter left.

☞ Chinese girls are not considered of sufficient account to be named. So they are simply numbered—first daughter, second daughter, etc.

☞ The late storm was very severe in the White Mountain region. In the Notch it was fearful, and numerous avalanches from the mountain sides fill the roads. The carriage road up Mount Washington was badly damaged.

☞ SECRET OF LOW AMUSEMENTS.—What is the secret of the low amusements, the pleasure that is not pleasure, with which so many unhappy men contrive at once to waste and shorten their lives? Why these things are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, merely the resources which they adopt to fill up vacant hours—to get rid of the intolerable.

☞ The average duration of human life in the principal countries of Europe has recently been estimated as follows:—Prussia, 41.2 years; Belgium, 41.6; France, 44.2; England and Wales, 45.4; Sweden, 49.5; Denmark, 52.5; Schleswig-Holstein, 52.7.

☞ Mexico is enjoying herself with the usual ollapodrida of revolutions, assassinations, brigandage, bribery and bankruptcy.

A Submarine Steamship.

The accounts given of the new submarine steamship invented by Otto Vogel sound fabulous, and yet a Berlin paper asserts that the Prussian Admiralty has approved of the plans submitted to them for inspection. The vessel, covered with strong plating, is entirely below the surface of the sea, with the exception of the deck, which is surmounted by a vaulted iron roof of immense strength. Beneath this covering heavy guns are placed, so that the whole greatly resembles a first-rate iron-clad. It is said, however, that besides all the advantages of such men-of-war, the new ship may be entirely submerged, and in this position is so completely under command that it can outweather a storm or attack an enemy with submarine cannon or torpedoes.

☞ Letters were received from the late George Peabody by members of his family in New York, (written within five days of his death), stating that he was cheerful, and resigned to his then approaching end. In one of these letters he says:—"For a score of years I have prayed daily to God to spare my life to carry out the work I was endeavoring in my feeble way to accomplish, and He has done it." His only relatives in New York are two nephews.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is rather more doing; sales of 11,000 bbls Pa family at $5@5,25 for superfine, $5,50@5,75 for extra, $5,50@6,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $6,75@6,50 for Penna extra family, $6@6,75 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and $7@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—There is rather more inquiry for Wheat; 20,000 bus Pa red sold at $1,15@1,40, the latter rate for choice; 40,000 bus Western red at $1,35@1,35; 28,000 bus Western red at $1,30@1,35, and 12,000 bus white at $1,45@1,55 ₱ bus. 5000 bus Western sold at $1,04@1,08 ₱ bus. Corn; sales of 40,000 bus Penna and Southern yellow at $1@1,03; 60,000 bus Western mixed at 90c@1,02, and 10,000 bus new yellow at 85@88c ₱ bus. Oats; 70,000 bus sold at 57@58c for Western; 58@60c for Penna, and 60@61c for Delaware.

PROVISIONS—There is rather more doing. Sales new prime Mess Pork at $21,50 ₱ bbl. City packed Mess Beef sells at $21. Beef Hams are held at $20@21. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 19@20½c, and Shoulders at 16½@17c. Green Meats—Sales of 250 tcs pickled Hams at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14@14½c. Lard—Sales of 200 bbls and tcs at 17½@17½c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 19c. Butter—Sales are making at 26@35c for Western; 40@46c for New York; 16@20c for solid packed; 35@40c for roll. Cheese sells at 19@19½c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 29@42c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Sales of 1000 bales of Middlings at 25@26c for Uplands, and 25@25½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—We quote No 1 Quercitron at $32 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Blackberries sell at 12c ₱ lb; dried Apples at 6@11c; quarter Peaches at 7@8c, and halves at 10@10½c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at $1,50@5 ₱ barrel, as to quality. Cranberries are selling at $10@12 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,35@1,65; mixed do, $1,40@1,45; Straw, $1,40@1,50.

HOPS—Sales of new crop at 18@35c ₱ lb.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is less doing; sales 900 tons, including No. 1 at $40; No. 2 at $37@38, and No. 3 at $35@36,50. Forge sells at $34@36; white and mottled Iron at $32,50@34,50, and of Scotch pig at $37@38. Manufactured Iron—Sales of bars at $85.

SEEDS—Clover—100 bus sold at $6 50@7, and 100 bus Timothy at $3,37½@3,50; 400 bus Flaxseed sold at $2,35 ₱ bushel.

☞ The grand golden wedding of Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, took place on the 16th inst., at their country seat, near Baltimore. Their eleven children, with their wives and husbands, and forty-eight to fifty grand-children, and two or three great grand-children, with other relatives and friends, were present.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 8½@8¾ cts ₱ lb. 300 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 4¾@6½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ A MISTAKEN NOTION.—The practice of stimulating persons in fever every half hour with brandy and beef tea, is now considered by many of the profession as entirely erroneous. Dr. Gairdner would substitute milk for both of these articles, as likely to prove nourishing, and valuable. We hope to see the time come when the unfermented juices of fruits properly preserved shall be used very largely for the sick, particularly those with fevers. Many forms of fever need little else to effect a cure.—*Journal of Health.*

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 83 and 85 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct2-4m

☞ Passionless men doubtless usually take more credit to themselves for goodness than they deserve, while fiery men are sometimes judged over-harshly. An old divine says the grace which would have converted John, would hardly have kept Peter from knocking a man down.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ A correspondent of the Hartford, Conn., Times thinks divorce should be made cheaper, so as to bring it within the reach of the poor.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are found the only remedies able to subdue the dangerous symptoms of that fatal disease now so prevalent under the name of sore throats. The Ointment used externally, and Pills internally, are a certain cure.

☞ One day a poet read a new play before the Reading Committee of the French Comedy. It was unanimously refused. The poet went up to M. Samson, the well known actor, and said to him, "I have a right to complain of you; you voted against my piece, and yet you slept all the time I was reading it." M. Samson wittily replied:—"Sir, in literary matters, sleep is an opinion."

OFFICERS (volunteer or regular) or their next of kin, if dead, in the U. S. A. or U. S. M. C., between May 1, 1861 and March 1, 1863, will be greatly benefited by immediately communicating with R. S. LEAGUE & Co., 125 S. Seventh st., Phila. sept4-1y

☞ A WET TIME.—The New York World says:—"From July 1, 1867, to May 1, 1869, twenty-eight prominent railroad companies' stocks have been watered from $237,036,000 to $400,084 000, being an aggregate increase of $113,048,000, or an average of 40 per cent. in less than two years. This watering process seems to be not yet exhausted."

Mountain of Salt.

In the Pharnaga district, in the Southwestern part of the state of Nevada, distance from Austin estimated at 180 miles, is a remarkable mountain of salt, about 70 miles south of the mines. It is reported to be about five miles in length and 600 feet in height. The body of salt is of unknown depth. It is chemically pure and crystalline, and does not deliquesce on exposure to the atmosphere. Like rock, it requires blasting from the mine, whence it is taken in large blocks, and is as transparent as glass. This would afford an abundant supply to the world, could it be cheaply mined and transported; but it now stands in the wilderness, an object for the admiration of the curious and the inspection of the scientific. It is believed that there is but one other place on the globe where it exists in such a state of purity in workable quantities, and that is at Cracow, Poland. This is but another evidence of the state of purity in which the force of nature has left deposits in this interesting portion of the continent.—*California paper.*

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.
It was the first, and is
THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,
In from One to Twenty Minutes,
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.
FEVER AND AGUE.
Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.
Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.
Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ THE EFFECT OF FREEZING.—The London Daily News says it is not true, as generally supposed, that the act of freezing eliminates from water all impure matter. It generally does extrude coloring matter, but not organic impurities; indeed, such matters, although prevented from decomposing by the cold, appear to decompose with redoubled energy immediately the temperature is sufficient to melt the ice which holds them.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
This is admitted to be the fact by the thousands who are now using *Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment.* It has been introduced since 1847; and no one once trying it is ever without it. It will positively cure the under-mentioned complaints, if used as directed:
Chronic rheumatism, sore throat, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, old sores, swellings, mosquito bites, and pains in the back, chest or limbs. Also taken internally, for cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, croup, colic, sea sickness, spasms, &c. It is perfectly harmless to take internally. (See oath accompanying each bottle.) It has never failed to cure every case of diarrhœa, dysentery, and croup, if used when first taken. Always have a bottle in the house in readiness, and you will never regret it.
Price, 50 cts. and $1. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. nov6-4t

☞ A clergyman once preached rather a long sermon from the text "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Whereupon he stopped his sermon and said, "That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out." No one else passed.

ANOTHER remarkable case of Cancer cured by Drs. Babcock & Son, 700 Broadway, New York. So many extraordinary cases of this terrible affliction, through the system of these eminent physicians, have recently come to knowledge, that they are induced, as a matter of duty, to call public attention to the remarkable results they have effected, in the cure of a Cancer in the Breast—*without the knife*—of Mrs. A. J. Crowell, of Manchester, Mass. The thousands of cases which, during the lapse of years, have proved to be permanent cures, attest the wonderful effects of Dr. B.'s system, which is painless, and has incited them to a similar mode of treatment for malignant tumors, scrofula, and other affections of a like nature. It is understood that Mrs. C. has consented, for the benefit of the afflicted, to answer letters of inquiry concerning her case, addressed to her as above. nov13-2t

☞ At a recent meeting of the most distinguished men of science in London, Sir John Lubock said: "The lowest savages have no idea of Deity at all."

A Favorable Notoriety.—The good reputation and extended use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for coughs, colds, and throat diseases has caused the Troches to be extensively imitated. Obtain only the *genuine* "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not be influenced by those who make more profit by selling worthless imitations.

A Wonderful Story.

It is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary for life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, who has the reputation of being both great and learned, Professor at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all, as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever, but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has now been lost. Meanwhile, Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which he says have always proved successful. He took a snake, and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to his Government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him, to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish Government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposals is not known.

How Hostetter's Bitters Cure Dyspepsia.
THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.
The office of the stomach is to convert the food into a cream-like semi-fluid, called CHYME. This is effected partly by the action of a solvent, called the gastric juice, which exudes from the coating of the stomach, and partly by a mechanical movement of that organ, which churns, as it were, the dissolving ailment. The CHYME passes from the stomach into the duodenum, or entrance to the bowels, where it is subjected to the action of the bile, and the nutritious portion of it converted into a fluid called *Chyle*, which eventually becomes blood.
Now, it is evident that if the great solvent, the gastric juice, is not produced in sufficient quantity, or if the mechanical action of the stomach is not sufficiently brisk, the *first process of digestion* will be but imperfectly performed. It is also clear that if the liver, which plays such an important part in changing the nourishing portion of the chyme into the material of the blood, is congested, or in any unnatural condition, the *second process* will not be thoroughly accomplished. The result of the *two failures* is *dyspepsia*, complicated with *biliousness*.
The mode in which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS operate in such cases is this: They invigorate the cellular membrane of the stomach, which evolves the gastric juice, thereby insuring an ample sufficiency of the fluid to completely dissolve the food. They also act upon the nerves of the stomach, causing an acceleration of the mechanical movement necessary to reduce the food to a homogeneous mass. They also act specifically upon the liver, strengthening it, and so enabling it to produce an ample and regular supply of bile, for the purpose of converting the nutritious particles of the *Chyme* into *Chyle*, and promote the passage through the bowels of the useless debris.
In this way, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS cure dyspepsia and liver complaint. The explanation is plain, simple, philosophical, and *true*. nov6-4t

☞ A Virginia patent medicine dealer has gone far beyond the wooden nutmeg trick. He went to St. Jo., Missouri, with a liniment which he claimed would cure all earthly ills. He hired an old man to crawl upon crutches, declaring that he had been a cripple for ten years. The quack pretended to bathe the limb of the hired cripple, who then threw away his crutches and ran across the street. The "doctor" soon had not a bottle of his stuff left.

Just Out.
"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"
For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis
None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.
RUSHTON & Co.,
oct23-2m 10 Astor House, New York.

☞ God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire, but He came down and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; He sent His angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the thorn in the flesh, but He gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of Rev. D. Ballard, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 20, 1869, W. WAITE WARNER, editor of State Register, Jackson, Mich., to MARIA ST. CLAIR, Salford, Ontario. No cards.

In Jefferson, Mich., Oct. 31st, 1869, by the Rev. Dr. Cook, HENRY J. CROUCH to ANN M. WARNER, all of Jackson, Mich.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE M. D. EDDLEMAN to Miss MEDORA A. ROWE.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson Mr. JOHN F. RANDELL, Jr., to Miss FANNIE BENNETT, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SOMMERS H. LEE to Miss ROXANNA S. CHAMPION, both of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. ERMANN S. NEWMAN to Miss EMMA K. CARET, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Reedsville, Mifflin county, Pa., on the 30th of Oct., Mrs. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, in her 83d year.

On the 8th instant, SARAH, widow of the late Edward Parker.

On the 8th instant, MATTHEW FOWLER, in his 82d year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. ANN M. CHILDS, in her 73d year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. PETER LANE, in his 61st year.

On the 7th instant, SUSAN, wife of Isaac Parsons, aged 42 years.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE KEYSER, in his 23d year.

On the 6th instant, JOHN T. HOUGH, in his 70th year.

On the 4th instant, ABRAHAM KERNS, in his 65th year.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Falling, falling, falling! yellow, red, and brown,
In an endless shower, falling, falling down:
Thick as summer's daisies, rustling to the tread,
Lie the leaves of Autumn, withering and dead.
O the dreary shadows! O the branches bare!
O the gloomy present! O the joys that were!
O the merry gladness when the primrose grew,
When the lark went singing up into the blue:
Musical day-dawnings, gold and purple eves,
Fruit in radiant clusters, nests among the leaves!
O gay life and music, falling, fading, past!
O ye mists and darkness! O sad skies o'ercast!

Falling, falling, falling! How, when life was young,
Gay green hopes about us like a garland hung!
Full the air of music, full the heavens of light,
To our purer hearing, to our purer sight.
How the green boughs whispered, how the river sang!
Readily and gayly, how our laughter rang!
In the upland meadows, in the beechen shade,
Wondrous revelations bud and blossom made
Standing in the twilight, clad in white and gold,
Sweet the tales of Eden by pure lilies told.
Falling, falling, falling! Never, never more
Blooms the fairy garland that our young life wore.

Falling, falling, falling! Eyes that shone with glee
When the spring-tide glory brightened bush and tree,
Smile no more upon us, cheer no more our way,
Left us ere the skies grew dull and cold and gray.
O the dear dear eyes that watched the buds unclose,
Faded ere the leaves fell, died before the rose!
O the haunted slumbers and the bitter tears!
O the sad procession of the coming years!
O the silent foot-steps! O the voices fled!
Joy and hope and gladness, withered, cold, and dead!

* * * * *

Hush! from leafless branches drops a tender song,
Falling, falling, falling, loud, and clear, and strong.
One sweet bird yet singeth, one strong voice of life
Soundeth still mid gloom and wild autumnal strife.
Thou art God's own witness, little russet bird,
Let thy voice of promise by our hearts be heard,
Singing like the Angels, joyfully and loud,
Of the sunny brightness far beyond the cloud.
Sing, O happy creature, thy triumphant strain,
Tell of future summers, peace that follows pain!
Tell of love that dies not, tell of life to come,
Voice of God's own witness, Voice from our true Home! H. L.

Pigs.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

They are not a pleasant subject.

A horse combines all the moral and intellectual virtues, more or less. A cat possesses at least the virtue which is next to godliness, a part of godliness, the apostle ought to have said. But the virtues appertaining unto the character of a pig—where are they? In the words of a famous orator, "Echo answers—they are *all* gone!" I imagine that the pig character owns a clear title to no virtue named in the English language.

The cat-people, horse-people, and even the ape-people, can be set apart into different ranks and degrees of cats, horses, and apes. His Pigship cannot. A pig is a pig the world over, a gluttonous, grunting, get-all, eat-all sort of beast, wherever you find him. The moral character of a Zarewokokshaisk pig is precisely the moral character of an Irish pig. Take a pig out of a puddle, put him into good clothes and send him to Congress, and he will yet be a pig. The scent of the roses will hang round him still. The Congressional pig will do no more than eat and grunt. The puddle pig did both equally well before.

By far the greater part of that queer conglomerate which calls itself "American aristocracy,"—the patent-medicine millionaires, the peers of the realm whose coat-of-arms is represented by a whiskey barrel rampant, the grand milords and high-born marquises who began life as pea-nut venders, the blue-blooded dukes who blacked boots in their infancy, in a word, mostly all the haughty princes of our free and equal republic, belong to what we may venture to call the pig-headed nobility.

Somehow, in thus writing up the animal kingdoms of the human race, Dickens's characters, or caricatures, which is more like, keep constantly coming into one's head, and lodging there with a pertinacious hang-on. For instance, speaking of the pig gentry reminds you immediately of Josiah Bounderby, sir, of Coketown, sir. Well, sir, Josiah Bounderby, sir, was a superlative porker, sir, and no mistake. Of course he made his fortune. A tearing, grunting, ravenous pig, how could he help it? A pig always makes his fortune. It is the nature of a pig. He is an individual who roots other people down, and clambers upon their prostrate bodies, to reach his nose into some feed-trough intended for higher and better animals. He drives other people away and devours their portion for himself. It is the nature of a pig to root a man down, and then root him into the gutter after he is down. A pig even devours his own helpless little brothers and sisters. When once his pig-wit is sharpened up by the cravings of his pig-stomach, there is no earthly contrivance which can stop his mad career. In the twinkling of an eye his snapping jaws crunch down every innocent gosling in the barn-yard. He bolts a dozen harmless little chickens whole, and makes nothing of it. He puts his head through the delicate wire-fence of conscience, and carries it along with him, posts and all. He walks over the zig-zag fence of business honor as through a wide-open gate. He even undermines the stone wall of common honesty, wherever he scents rich cornfields beyond. You would imagine, to look at a pig, that all the lights of nature and revelation forbid that there should be such an animal as a jumping pig. But by one of those odd contradictions of both nature and revelation which occur now and then, you will find that the very worst nuisance on a plantation is just a jumping pig. Nothing short of being put through a course of slaughter-house and salted down, will *cure* him, when once his pigship sets his pig-head at the leaping business. Then he has a double advantage and becomes a money-king at once, for what he cannot root through he jumps over. Pig-wit is wonderful, it is, nagged on as aforesaid. Keep an ear of corn before a hungry pig's nose, and you can make a racer of extraordinary speed out of him.

There is a peculiarly gaunt, savage, rapacious tribe of these said animals, the four-footed ones, scattered over the South and West. They have great, grisly lop-ears, long, knife-like rooters, and thin, slab sides, which no amount of cramming and stuffing ever fills out. Feed them as much as you will, they never reach that point where they are satisfied to retire from business. They devour everything in the vegetable or animal kingdom, from a field of corn down to a quail's egg, and then grunt for more. They even attack little children sometimes. They are the most unprofitable animals a man can possibly have on his farm. We call them the Tennessee Rooters.

Look but a trifle farther, and you will see the Tennessee Rooters of the human race. A very celebrated member of the family, whom the ruling passion hath driven forth from his native sty, is the speculator in Western lands. He roots out and gulps down whole counties at once. If a poor man has cleared and settled his quarter section, under the homestead law, has built his cabin and reared his first crop, just when he begins to eat, drink, and be happy, lo! comes the Tennessee Rooter, with forged evidence of a fraudulent title in his pocket, and a forged officer at his back, roots out the poor man, wife, babies, and all, and enters in and possesses the warm, comfortable pen. The Tennessee Rooter is invariably a man of mark and money. But he is not particular how he becomes so, which ought to be a consolation to poor folks who are not of the porcine race. You never know where to find him unless you see him, and not always then. He is a pig in a poke. Don't envy him. If he is a wholesale grocer, and shakes over your head the greenbacks which he has gained by exhibiting a sample sack full of fair, fat coffee-grains, and then selling some just like it made up of little shrivelled, stony, black grains,—don't grudge him the money. Remember how he got it. Remember he is but a Tennessee Rooter. Neither envy the prosperity of the retail grocer, who sands his sugar and gives light weights. He does not properly belong to the human family. He is but a little brother of the big Tennessee Rooter.

A rich old gentleman once became involved, and made a deed for the time being of all his property to his youngest and favorite son. But during the time being an event happened to the rich old gentleman for which he had made no provision. He was so unfortunate as to unexpectedly die during the time being. His youngest and favorite son hereupon suddenly developed an astonishing business capacity. In other words, young Mr. Tennessee Rooter, a youth with grisly lop-ears and pale bristles for hair, held on to the last farthing of his father's money, to the utter exclusion of all his brothers and sisters. At present dates he wears lavender kids on his hands, and nobby hats over his grisly lop-ears and pale bristles of hair—while a widowed sister, with four children, dwells in one room and works button-holes for a living. But do folks respect him any the more for his lavender kids and nobby hats? I should rather say not. A kind of unspoken "*despise*" answers his very grunt; the very expression of people's indignant noses seems to say:—"Oh! you *Pig!*"

In my little travels about the world as an itinerant school-mistress, I once saw a celebrated money-king and his wife. She was fat. He wasn't. She was encumbered with such a superabundance of adipose tissue that it was only with the utmost difficulty she could manage a short flight of stairs, and to see her helped into a carriage was a sight to behold. He was grim and gaunt, with a long, sharp, hungry nose, little pig-gish, ravenous eyes, and a few clay-colored bristles standing out around his chin. He ate his food always with a great champing, crunching noise; and talked, when he talked, of *my* dogs, *my* children, and *my* houses. *P—I—G—pig*, was written in staring letters all over him. The two had more money than they could count. They had diamonds, and velvets, and silver, and bonds, and carriages, without end; and pictures which they couldn't have told the names of if their lives had depended upon it. What then? Did I envy them their gold, and purple, and fine linen? Not I. My philosophical poverty did but snap its fingers behind their backs, and say to itself: There goes Mr. Tennessee Rooter with his wife the China Pig!

He was a self-made man. Pigs always are self-made. The money-king, old Mr. Tennessee Rooter, was fond of saying he had made himself. Himself was his money. He had made it by grinding, grasping, and grabbing. He had rooted into the ditches and dust-heaps of life, and sharkishly seized upon whatever was worth having, good, bad, and indifferent. He married the China Pig because she brought him into a huge cornfield. The motto of his career has been always: The best of everything for myself, and nothing for anybody else. At the hotel table, at church, at the theatre, he invariably rooted other people out of the way and assumed the best place with a sublime pig-gishness which was little short of miraculous. Every motion seemed to say—

"Look at me; I am self-made, I am! I used to root in the gutter! Now I live in clover!"

The Lord deliver us from self-made people! I don's like 'em. Very often they are only conceited and disagreeable folk, who make their way in the world by catching at the chances which other people throw away as too mean for use. In seven cases out of ten, self-made is only another way of writing *self-ish*. Almost anybody can be self-made who is willing to turn himself into a Tennessee Rooter.

When you were little, did your mother ever teach you this old-fashioned rhyme?

"There was a little pig, and he lived in clover—
When he died, he died all over!"

Now it does appear, does it not? that the pig-people of this world who have not a thought nor aspiration above mere eating, drinking, and grasping, and what is worse, don't want any—when they come to die, doesn't it seem as though, like the pig in the nursery-rhyme, they will have to die all over? Because what can they do in Heaven? Mary Wol-tonecraft speaks of having somewhere read what she truly calls "an emphatical description of damnation"—a soul continually hovering with abortive eagerness round the decaying body, unable to enjoy anything without the organs of sense. It is a picture of perdition too fearfully loathsome to think about very long. What will the rich pig-people, with not a single better attribute of heart or intellect, do, when their souls come to be deprived of the organs of sense? Or will there be any life beyond the body for people who have no existence but a physical one here? The thought is too dreary a thought here where you and I only started out to amuse ourselves, not to moralize.

Let us open the volume of nursery legends a second time, and read aloud an ancient conundrum of our childhood:—What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? You guess right away—Two pigs under a gate. But now suppose two hundred pigs or more should all be caught at once, trying to squeeze themselves under a huge gate, opening into a cloverfield so big that it covered a whole country. Then suppose this big gate leading into the national cloverfield should suddenly open the wrong way, right across the backs of the two hundred pigs. Imagine the ludicrous, unearthly squealing, the wriggling and squirming of these poor two hundred piggies or more, caught in a place where they had no business to be. Who pities the two hundred spinal columns which the big gate grazed so sharply? Not you, not I, not anybody. It served 'em right. But I fear that for all the pain of their scraped backs they will be just as selfish and greedy as they were before. For a pig is a pig.

And that's all I can make out of him.

A LITTLE GOOSEY.

[The following simple verses, from the pen of an "Unknown," will touch the heart of every father and mother.]

The chill November days were done,
The working world home faring
The wind came roaring through the streets
And set the gas light flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying;
When mingled with the sighing wind
I heard a small voice crying—

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak nor hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her woe cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure while
She slipped in mine the other;
Half scared, half confidential said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered "I forget;
The organ made me do it."

"He came and played at Milley's steps,
The monkey took the money,
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers,
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street? now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house
Or new, not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle bed,
Mine and my little brother's."

"Oh! dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,
He's such a baby he forgets,
And we are both such players—
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
Oh, dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All mulled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said, at last, despairing.
I tied a 'kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name;
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it;
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I would get lost without it."

Religious Gems.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

The merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions well.

Uprightness in all our dealings with one another is a matter not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said.

Amidst all disorders, God is ordering all wisely and justly, and to them that love Him, graciously; therefore we ought not to be dismayed.

No person can be so feeble or so poor that he has not a duty to perform; which being performed, makes him one with the highest and greatest.

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply:—"I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and the mud, but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy, may mingle with the vileness of the world, and yet be pure in itself.

☞ He who never changed an opinion never corrected any of his errors.

A Study of Faces.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIFTH PAGE.]

Here in the cluster of heads before us, grouped together by the artist's pencil, are not less than 150 faces. How many are true, honest faces, meaning precisely what they express? how many masks? In the centre we have some original types, with which Sister Art has meddled but little with her elder sister Nature. Here is the Negro—black skinned, woolly haired, thick lips, and forward chin. I find representatives of this type if I settle in Natal or at the Cape of Good Hope, for they come to me as negroes, Hottentots, or Kaffirs; I find them again if I make my home in Australia, for there they present themselves to *my* attention—generally in a very unpresentable condition—as true born natives; I find them again at home, in large numbers. Opposite to Sambo is my esteemed acquaintance, the Mongol; his flat nose, distented nostrils, eyes drawn up at the corners, and yellow complexion, plainly distinguish him from all other races. I find him in Lapland, Finland, China, Japan, all Asia, north and east of the Caspian, on the shores of the Polar Sea, in America, and Greenland. Below the Ethiop and the Mongol, we notice the Caucasian type, common to Europe and Western Asia—Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Medes, Scythians, Parthians, Arabs, Jews, Syrians, Turks, Affghans, Hindoos, and Europeans everywhere. Below this NOBLEST type of man, the artist has placed the Malay and the American races; the Malay, brown complexioned, black haired, with prominent features; the American Indian, equally prominent in feature, with copper-colored skin, and dark hair; the Malay scattered throughout the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans; the red man throughout the Continent of North America—Iroquois, Cherokee, Sioux, and other nations—pleasant fellow with whom to smoke the calumet and to eat buffalo steaks, but dangerous when at enmity with the pale face, making the face grow paler with a whoop that says as plainly as can be, "Your scalp, your whole scalp, and nothing but your scalp!"

Now, there are numerous ethnologists in love with Sister Art who would confine our attention exclusively to these types of men—and women conjointly—as if Sister Nature had exhausted her resources in those five or more varieties. But the close observer soon detects a large variety *in* every variety; the closer observer, a still larger variety in every minor variety; and the closest observer an immense variety in all the varieties; while he is unable to select two faces, to say these are *fac simile*.

You are asked to look at a baby, and pressed with the question, "Well, who is he like?" Like! like nobody but himself. Courtesy may dictate the recognition of some general trait, and you may, without your conduct being utterly reprehensible, intimate that he is something like papa—something like mamma—something like both; but in your conscience you know he is a good deal like neither.

A curious and interesting spectacle is presented by the panorama of faces of the people in the streets, or in a crowded assembly. Stand on the platform of a crowded hall, face the long rows of white ovals—that is, faces—and notice the infinite variety that is offered to your gaze. Look round the opera house on a crowded night; the sober habiliments of the men, the gorgeous and versatile attire of the women, present less variety than the faces turned towards the stage. Or, without further trouble, look on the cluster the artist has given to us, and find, if you can, two faces alike.

"Top of the morning to you, Pat, and more power to your elbow; you're from ——?" "Connaught, your honor." And Pat has a pretty girl beside him, who, for aught I know, may be the original Peggy, love of whom many a swain would fain be a "chicken" to be plucked. The long-nosed fellow—a Celt, I take it—who has come over with a tourist's ticket, has his eyes on Peggy also; but she cares for him no more than for the chubby boy on his left. Then, what an odd contrast is afforded by the self-satisfied gentleman, with the old-fashioned stick-up, and the laughing, scrub-headed fellow who faces him; almost as odd a contrast as that offered by baby-face as the moustached pirate or poet further on—a gentleman so fierce of aspect that he sets the others in his row of the collection fairly laughing.

Just above the head of my friend from Connaught is a mild, pleasant gentleman of the old school—a gentleman who remembers when George III. was king, and every other male child, at least, was being christened George Frederick, or George Prince Regent. Next to him a lady of the old school also, who has worn a poke, or coal-scuttle, and no crinoline; and then a smiling girl, just skipped into her teens, and a laughing, velvet-capped specimen of the genus "jolly," oddly contrasting with the sombre and woe-begone expression of his next neighbor—a forlorn one, who has doubtless lost his heart without winning another to occupy its place. And who could fail to lose their hearts when captivated by the dark-eyed girl, with long lashes and demure braids. Could you, sir?—you, her next-door neighbor,—I beg your pardon, sir, you are married, and your wife is by, and your bachelor cousin laughing at you, as he stoops to kiss little Polly, and to thrust his own broad face very close to Diffidence in a pork-pie hat.

Sandie, how goes it with you?

"My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody."

Well, Sandie, is not somebody at your elbow! "Ould" Ireland, again, has its representative in the apple-cheeked buxom woman above Sandie's head; next to her, grave Age, looking far out of the picture, unmindful of Adonis the impudent courting Venus the Modest (or the *modiste*;) while match-making mamma turns away her head and reckons up Adonis's income. There is a mock little beauty who has not lost her taste for bread and butter, nor spoilt her complexion by late hours, in the midst of these gay ones, where even toothless age ogles the beaux, and listens to the silly compliments of the gentleman from England. Round eyed babies, dark-eyed belle, laughing-eyed boys, bleat-eyed age, bright-eyed beauties, cluster together. A charming girl from Southern France looks out on the one side, an exquisite from Western London looks out on the other; here is the belle of the ball-room, with a wreath of flowers on her brow—soon to change to orange blossom, I'll be bound; here is Dundreary, with his eye-glass, watching her; and here is an elderly party with a wondrous cap, that may have been worn by Mother Hubbard.

More ladies, old, young, middle-aged—smiling, sorrowing, scornful; ladies, plainly on the shady side of thirty, looking out for husbands with exemplary zeal, and younger ladies who are flirting with a score of beaux, and breaking their hearts, may be! A strange medley of faces, truly. Here another Irishman, there a foreigner with rat's tail moustache; here a spinster aunt with her hair in rolls, there a captivating niece with braid and bands; and here a jolly-looking Englishman, who could sing the "Roast Beef of Old England," and eat it with a relish—and mustard. Just above the cap of the Mongol there is a pretty bit of business going on, and noses in dangerous proximity. Fie!—but nobody's looking. Close to my charming niece—so close, I wonder that he does not turn his gaze in her direction—is a young fellow with intelligent eyes and decisive chin, above whom is a marvellous Cerberus—three heads in one. On the other side I notice two fine faces, that may have belonged to some of the gallant adventurers of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—fellows who would have defied Duke Parma and all his host. And here again I detect another couple in the act of wooing—looking into one another's eyes and whispering. Is this group of faces a satire on the world and the world's doings? does the artist mean that all the world's a-fooling? or is it but another rendering of the *cantus vanitatum* of the wise man?

Whatever meaning of this kind there may be—and this we leave our readers to decide—there is more than enough in the picture to exhibit the wonderful variety of expression in the human countenance.

The Abuse of Physical Exercise.

BY SAMUEL KNEELAND, M. D., BOSTON.

The "Westminster Gazette," in the course of an article against too much physical exercise, observes:—"Those who have gone through the severest training become, in the end, dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigor seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks, that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games, ever distinguished himself afterward. The three years immediately preceding seventeen, are years of great mental development, and nature cannot, at the same time, endure any severe taxing of the physical constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigor, for the evils of excess outweigh by far the evils of deficiency."

We are always going to extremes in education, as well as in politics and theology. The absolute neglect of physical development in the past generation we see followed in this by habits of exercise which threaten to make us a people of athletes and cripples. Not content with a rational use of the gymnasium, under the supervision of a teacher versed in physiology, developing *pari passu* the muscles and the intellect, as in the German universities, our youth aim each to be a Hercules, willing to be dunces if their arms and loins be strong. Hence the ball, and cricket, and boat clubs; hence the huge dumb-bells and Indian clubs, which strain and fatigue the muscles, and lay the foundation for many diseases of the limbs and internal organs. There was a time when hernia, or rupture, was principally confined to the laboring classes, among whom it is so common that it is safe to say, that one in every fifth man you meet is affected with it in some degree; now this infirmity is increasing among the students, many of whom lay the foundation for a life-long disease in the ill-judged exercises of the so-called "manly sports." We are not all the same, either mentally or physically; and exercise, like food and study, must be graduated according to the power of the individual. This distinction is generally overlooked; and the puny boy emulates the strong, subjects himself to the same vigorous efforts, and finds himself with distorted joints, rupture, and incipient disease of the heart and blood-vessels, while his more athletic rival becomes a better conditioned animal by the exercise. It is time, now that a trained boat crew, and an unsuccessful one at that, is received with public dinners and by city delegations—with the honors of illustration in pictorial papers and commendatory letters from clergymen—with the fulsome flattery that their four-mile rowing-match will be a powerful agent in maintaining the *entente cordiale* between America and England—to ask ourselves the question if we are not carrying to a ridiculous extreme the power of muscle at the expense of brains and good health?

All physicians and physiologists are aware of the effects of rowing, as an exercise, on the heart and pulse. These effects have been recently carefully examined by Dr. Fraser, of Edinburgh, by means of the "sphygmograph," an instrument invented in France, which produces a self-written record of the swellings and contractions of the arteries; the delicate movements of these vessels, which the finger cannot detect, are thus registered in a series of curves or waves, by a pencil on a strip of paper moved by clock-work. The "sphygmograms" of a crew of healthy persons before leaving the boat-house, and immediately after its return, are very different. The tracings show clearly that an extremely large quantity of blood is, in rowing, circulated with great rapidity, a condition of the circulation essential for the continuance of prolonged and severe muscular exertion. The effect of such a condition upon persons suffering from, or liable to functional or organic diseases of the heart, can be easily conjectured. There can be no doubt that many incipient diseases of the heart and blood-vessels are rendered active and dangerous by the violent exercise of rowing, and that much discomfort, and premature death, are the result of this mania injudiciously and intemperately indulged in. As boat-crews do not, and cannot, here, submit themselves to "sphygmographical" examination, and thus enable the predisposed to heart-disease to retire in time to prevent further mischief, it may be a wholesome caution for the youthful oarsman to stop and consider, especially if violent exercise produces an uncomfortable feeling in the heart and lungs, whether he will indulge in anything more than a moderate pull. The effects of rowing on the circulation do not differ from those of many other forms of muscular exercise; it is the *violence* of such exercise, whether with the oar, the bat, or the Indian club, which is the dangerous element. While it is safe to row or play ball simply for amusement, it may be eminently dangerous to engage in a boat-race or a ball-match.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the ease of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Oh, what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

A STUDY OF FACES.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE VIGOROUS THAN EVER.

In the dining-room at Mrs. Garston's, very much as we once saw them before, sat that ancient lady and Keziah Dawkes.

About nine months before, Miss Dawkes had rather mysteriously disappeared from London. Mysteriously, because she never said a word of her intention to go; neither did she disclose the place she might happen to be bound for. Since then, Mrs. Garston had received a letter from her occasionally, in which she stated she was travelling from place to place in search of health. The shrewd old lady knew that there was some private motive in all this, just as surely as though Keziah had told her; and she suspected it had reference to Barnaby; for Captain Dawkes had disappeared from London even longer ago than Keziah, and was entirely a myth. Time rolls on in its course in spite of us. Nearly twelve months had elapsed since the death of George Canterbury, and autumn tints were stealing again into the foliage.

Mrs. Garston decidedly grew younger; she was more vigorous in look, and tongue, and temper. The past twelve months seemed only to have renewed her strength. It had passed in an unusually peaceful manner, for neither Captain Dawkes nor Keziah came forth to persecute her on the score of his needs. For recreation, she had Thomas Kage, who passed most of his evenings with her, except when he was on circuit, and diligently waited on her, and read the news to her in the loudest tone he could command, and gave her his arm twice on a Sunday from the carriage-door to her pew in church—for she went to service twice always, in spite of her eighty years—and was to her as a son.

But one day, when Mrs. Garston was least expecting it or thinking of it, Miss Dawkes walked into her dining-room. The old lady sat there in the morning, because she got the sunshine.

There ensued a slight explanation from Keziah, simply to the effect that she had come back to London again, most likely for good, and then a passage-at-arms. The old lady sat upright, keen-eyed, deliberately inaccessible.

"Where's the use of your beating about the bush, Keziah? What is it to me that your old lodgings in the street in Pimlico were let, and you've had to take up with another street? Tell out the truth—that you have only come here to ask for money."

"I have not asked you for any for a long while, Aunt Garston."

Mrs. Garston brought down her stick vehemently.

"Don't beat about the bush, I tell you. Have you come for money for Barby?"

"I have, aunt; and I hope you will hear me, for Barnaby's sake."

Straining all her faculties to listen, the dame caught the sense of the words. Keziah's belief was, that she heard better than before, and she mentally asked herself the question, "Was the ancient creature to go on living for ever?"

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Keziah?"

"I have been staying in the country, Aunt Garston. I actually went haymaking, do you know!"

For or five irritable nods.

"Look here, Keziah Dawkes: I know just as well as you can tell me that you have been in hiding with Barby—keeping guard over him, maybe, and fanning him in from the consequence of his debts. But I choose to *be* told. You disclose to me all about him—where you've both been, and what you've been doing."

"Indeed, aunt, there's nothing particular to disclose."

"Very well," said the old lady, firmly and coldly; "we'll let it go so, if you please, Keziah; but not another single syllable will I hear of what you've come to say."

Keziah knew the tone of old; knew that the resolution thus expressed could never be broken. In the silence that ensued, she asked herself whether it might not be better to tell—at least in part. Barnaby had strictly forbidden her to say where he was, or what he was doing; but she thought she could cook up the history, and deprive it of harm. If you, good reader, object to the word "cook" in such a matter, I can only say it was the one that ran through Miss Dawkes's mind.

"I will tell you, aunt," she said, with well-acted frankness, as she crossed the hearth-rug, and ventured to place her gray bonnet in close proximity to the least deaf ear. "If we have kept our movements from you, it was only to spare you pain."

Mrs. Garston gave a decisive grunt, and disposed herself to listen to the tale, which she interrupted perpetually.

"When Barnaby quitted London some months ago, Aunt Garston—"

"It's twelve months, if it's a day."

"Twelve months ago, he wandered about the country on foot, to save expense. But even that he found beyond his means, for roadside inns are expensive for a slender pocket—"

"That's according to what he ordered in them, Keziah."

"And at last he took a little tiny cottage near to a trout-stream, and there settled down, passing his time catching the fish, which he lived upon."

"*Did* he? Don't tell me!"

"But it was very dull for him; and the rent of even that poor little place was more than he could afford. He wrote to me, and asked if I would go down and join my income to his."

"What *is* his?"

"Ah, you may well ask it, Aunt Garston! It's nothing; for what he had been living upon was only a small remnant left after paying his creditors—a few pounds saved from the wreck."

"Paying his creditors! I didn't know they were paid."

"Some were, aunt."

"Oh, some! Go on."

"And I answered his appeal by going down; and we have been doing our best to exist upon my poor pittance, without troubling others to help us. But living is expensive everywhere, especially for a gentleman; and I—I, determined not to get into debt, forestalled my own income. Aunt Garston, for some years to come, I shall scarcely receive what will keep me in bread-and-butter. I mean it literally."

That this was true—the forestalling of her income—the pain in her countenance betrayed: and Mrs. Garston saw it.

"More idiot you, Keziah! Barnaby won't thank you for it."

"Well, the money I borrowed on my income is gone, aunt; and it is hard to starve. It is very hard to see *him* starve. I have come up to ask you to help us."

In the main, the above was all correct; but had Mrs. Garston been able to take a bird's-eye view of the pretty cottage thus inhabited, and the luxurious style kept up in it in a small way, she had deemed Keziah a good story-teller.

"And pray why have you kept your residence there a secret?"

Ah, why! It was not Keziah's pleasure to tell. She gave as an excuse (partly true, again) what she would far rather have kept out of view.

"On account of Barnaby's creditors, aunt; it would not do for them to suspect where he was."

"And where was that?"

"Oh, we went about from place to place," answered Keziah carelessly.

"Did the cottage you were starving in go about with you?" was the sharp question that ensued.

It was of no use attempting to deceive Mrs. Garston. Keziah felt that she could have struck the keen gray eyes, that were looking her through and through.

"I only mean we went sometimes, aunt." Which was untrue, for they never had gone.

"Where is the cottage? How many more times am I to be put off?"

"It is in Wales." And Miss Dawkes spoke a very unpronounceable name.

"What? Can't you speak louder?" shrieked the old lady, supposing the defect lay in her hearing.

"It's impossible to pronounce it, aunt, plainer than that. Barnaby and I never tried to. It is in a remote district of Wales; he chose it because of the cheapness."

"Is he there still?" asked Mrs. Garston, satisfied in a tart way with the explanation, and deceived for once.

"Yes, aunt, he is there, waiting until I can send him some relief. Aunt, dear aunt, you'll not refuse it! I don't petition for a large sum—just a hundred pounds, to enable him to go on for another year."

"Are you going back to him?"

"Not just yet. What do you say, aunt?"

"That I'll not give you a farthing for him."

Keziah's hard face took a tinge as green as her unbecoming bonnet-strings.

"Aunt!"

"Not a farthing, Keziah Dawkes. If Barby chooses to come to town and see me, he'll hear a bit of my mind, and I'll then tell him what I will do and what I won't."

"But he could not come to town. His creditors might see him."

"Be you very sure of one thing, Mistress Keziah: if Barby wanted to run up for his own pleasure, it is not fear of his creditors would stop him; he'd contrive to dodge *them*. As you please. If he comes, and I see my way clear to give him a trifle, I'll do it; but he'll not get a brass sixpence sent to him."

And with that Keziah was forced to be content, for there might be no appeal from these stern decisions. She took luncheon, and sat with Mrs. Garston for the afternoon, but would not stay to dine, preferring to depart, that she might write a private letter to Barby.

"Why, child! Is it you?"

A fairy-faced girl, with blue eyes and gleaming hair, came right into Keziah's way as she was passing through Mrs. Garston's gate. It was Belle Annesley, but the face appeared to be a little thin and worn.

"Have you been ill, Belle? You look delicate."

Not at first did Keziah get any answer. The long absence of Captain Dawkes from London, the dearth of news of him, the uncertainty of when they should be meeting again, had been wearing out this poor girl's heart, if not her frame. In the revulsion of joy at meeting Keziah, breath and speech alike momentarily left her.

"Oh, Miss Dawkes! I am so glad to see you!"

Knowing what Keziah knew of Barnaby's former love—or make-believe love—for this young girl, knowing what she knew of his present hopeful projects, she deemed it well, now that the first surprise had passed, to be rather chillingly reserved.

"Have you come back for good, Miss Dawkes?"

"Probably."

"Is—your—brother quite well?" stammered Belle, her face flushing painfully.

"I believe so. He was the last time I heard from him."

"Where is he?" Belle asked in her desperate courage.

"My dear Miss Annesley, he is here and there and everywhere. Captain Dawkes was never famous for the certainty of his movements, as you perhaps remember. I do not suppose London will ever see him again. Good-bye; I stayed too long with Mrs. Garston, and am in a hurry."

She sailed swiftly away; and Belle Annesley drew aside from the garden-path and put her cheek, fading to whiteness, against the trunk of one of the clustering trees. The one cruel sentence, "I do not suppose London will ever see him again," seemed to strike the life from her heart. All this while, months and months now, she had, so to say, lived on the remembrance of Barnaby Dawkes. Hers was no transient love; the capability to feel the passion in all its depths lay within her, and Captain Dawkes had done his best to call it forth. If it suited him to propose marriage to her—that is, to patch up his penniless state with the moderate means that would be hers—well and good; if it suited him to desert her—to pass off all that had passed, his love whispers and love vows, as mere pastime—well and good also. The girl and her feelings went for absolutely nothing in the estimation of Barnaby Dawkes, ex-officer and gentleman. There are very many more men besides him to whom a girl's heart seems but a worthless plaything.

He was killing time elsewhere, absorbed in other plans and projects. *She* lived on the love of the past. It served her still; nothing else in existence was half so sweet; she fondly hoped it would serve her, realized, in the future. For this gallant captain and honorable man contrived to let Belle think he was still her slave—hers only, and forever. It might be well (the captain mentally argued, looking ahead) to provide against contingencies; to have the young girl and her three hundred a-year to fall back upon if grander dreams failed. Two or three letters, carefully worded and posted from some strangely out-of-the-way places, had found their course to her, enjoining her not to forget him. Belle only too literally carried out the injunction. Any honorable man would have deemed himself as irrevocably bound to Belle Annesley as though their engagement had been ratified by all the formalities that attended a betrothal in the Vaterland; and Belle regarded it as such. Captain Dawkes simply intended to play fast and loose, as circumstances and self interest dictated.

But the long delay, the absence of all certain news, perhaps some subtle instinct that on occasion mercifully precedes an avalanche of misery, had been making havoc with Belle's secret heart. Energy had gone; lively expectation had gone; and hope only broke out by fits and starts. All she thought was, that his affairs had fallen into a hopeless state, and she feared they might never be redeemed to allow of his coming out of exile to marry her. Ah, yes, the depressing words of Miss Dawkes were needlessly cruel; and she felt them so as she leaned for support against the tree.

"Why, Belle! What is it, my dear?"

It was Thomas Kage: who had come in at the gate and caught a view of her ere she was aware any one was there: the poor pale cheek against the tree, the damp brow, the hopeless wretchedness of the whole countenance, the listless hands hanging down. Thomas Kage had nursed her on his knee when she was a child; he regarded her as such still, and was apt to address her like a tender elder brother. With a start she leaped away and stood in the path, her face crimson, stammering some words of ready excuse.

But Thomas Kage was not to be deceived. The sight of Keziah, to whom he had spoken in passing, enlightened him. There were two people in the world who had not been wholly blind to Captain Dawkes's love-making—Sarah Annesley, now the wife of Richard Dunn, and Mr. Kage; and both had watched the effect that hope deferred was taking on that poor young heart.

"I—I was going in to say how d'ye do to Mrs. Garston," she spoke hastily. "But I don't think I'll go now; it is late."

She was passing onwards to the gate, but he caught her hand. Not thus would he let her escape, if he could say only half a word of comfort.

"Treat me as your elder brother, Belle. I'm sure I might be your father, so far as feelings go, for in them I am old. Tell me what your trouble is."

"I—have no trouble," she answered in a flutter.

He had her hand in his, gazing on her downcast face and its trembling emotion. It was too much perhaps to expect her to speak openly to him, and yet he wished she would. For Mr. Kage had scanty confidence in Barnaby Dawkes, and it might be as well that this child should not go drifting blindly on without a rudder.

"Did Miss Dawkes give you any news of her brother?"

"No. I think she does not know where he is. She says he will not come back for a long while, if ever."

"Were I a young lady, Belle, I should call that good news," he meaningly said.

"You do not like Captain Dawkes, Mr. Kage; I have known that before," spoke Belle; and her hearer could not be deaf to the tone of resentment the voice took.

"You are wrong, my dear. Personally, I neither like nor dislike Captain Dawkes. I think this of him—that he is not worth the love of an honest girl."

"Why is he not?"—and the heaving chest proved what the question cost.

"He has no stability. And the love, instead of finding him a sure anchor, might get thrown back to its giver. *I* should forget Captain Dawkes, Belle; put him out of my memory altegether."

Belle burst into a forced laugh.

"This is all metaphor," she said, passing him; "we are forgetting common sense. I must wish you good-bye; mamma will wonder what is keeping me."

"Is you mamma better?"

"She is better one hour and worse the next. I shall say Thomas Kage inquired after her."

He stood a moment watching her flitting footsteps, and that peculiar and frequent action of hers—the drawing of her mantle closer to her chest. It was as if she always felt cold there.

Mrs. Garston, stick in hand, was standing at her drawing-room window when he entered. She turned her head, speaking sharply.

"Who was that you had got in my garden? Belle Annesley?"

"Yes," he replied, thinking how keen the old eyes still were. "She was coming in to see you, but seemed to think it rather too late."

"What is the matter with that child, Thomas Kage?"

"The matter?"

"Now don't you pick up my words as if you were the pariah echo. *I* can tell, if you can't—she's pining after that man, Barby Dawkes."

Had Mrs. Garston gravely asserted Miss Belle was pining after the man in the moon, he could not have been more surprised. How had she known it? A thought flashed over him that Mrs. Richard Dunn must have let a word drop, perhaps inadvertently.

"She has got the yellow sickness, fretting after that flashy gentleman and his shiny whiskers. You need not stare, Thomas Kage; that's what we used to call it in my young days, when a girl took a false man into her heart and couldn't put him out of it again. What business had Barby Dawkes to make love to the girl?"

As Mr. Kage could not say, he remained silent.

"There are some fellows who would make love to a pump-handle. You may thank your stars that you are not one, for trouble mostly comes of it. Though you were touched once, Thomas Kage."

"I, ma'am! Touched!"

"Yes; you. After that heartless Kage girl, who went and made herself an old man's wife. Barby's a soldier, and has a soldier's impudence; but he might have spared a poor weak child like Belle Annesley."

Even at that distance of time the red color flushed the brow of Thomas Kage at this abrupt allusion to his once dearest and most secret feelings. He rejoined carelessly; anything that came uppermost.

"I met Miss Dawkes as I came in. She had been to see you."

"She had been to beg of me. It's the old story over again, Thomas; Barby's needs and Barby's debts. It will never be anything else while his life shall last."

"Do you know where he is now? Abroad, I suppose."

"He is at some place with a crack-jaw

name. Keziah has got her answer. If Barby chooses to come up, he shall hear once for all what I mean to do for him. And he'll be fit to eat his fingers when he finds I have chosen another heir. And that's yourself, Thomas."

He did not appear to understand her.

"Myself! For what, ma'am?"

"For what? For that. The greater portion of my money will descend to you."

For a minute or two he seemed to be unable to take in the sense of the words. And then his whole face flushed with a kind of fear; his hands were lifted as to ward off an evil.

"Never, never; Mrs. Garston, this must not be," he cried in deep emotion. "Leave your money, I pray you, to any one rather than to me."

"What?" shrieked Mrs. Garston.

"I beg your pardon for my seeming ingratitude; I thank you truly for your good intention. But I could not take the money. I have no right to it, and would not inherit it."

They stood glaring on each other; at least that expression might be applied to the angry stare in her wide-open steel-gray eyes. His were as honest and good as ever, but unmistakably in earnest. She, in her pearl-gray satin dress and ruffles of point lace, was as stately and stern and grand a dame as ever painter depicted upon canvas.

"I wonder what your mother would say to hear you, Thomas Kage."

"Were my mother to hear me—and perhaps she can," he reverently added—"I think that she would approve of all I say. Dear, dear Mrs. Garston, believe that I am truly grateful, but you must not make me the heir to your wealth."

"Has it never occurred to you that I might make you the heir?"

"No, never. I think—I almost think that if it had I should have set conventionality at defiance and spoken first, telling you that it must not be."

"What is your objection?"

"That I have no right to it. Were you to leave me your money, and I could ever bring myself to enjoy it, I should feel always as though I were a thief—a robber of Barnaby Dawkes."

"Barnaby Dawkes will not get it."

"You have other relatives. I am not one. I have no right to a shilling of it. And I think money should not be diverted from its legitimate course without grave cause; but I hope you will forgive me for saying so. During this past twelvemonth of my executorship to Mr. Canterbury's will, the papers have never been in my hand but the injustice of that will has struck upon me with fresh pain. I should not like to be made a second example of it."

"Look you well, Thomas Kage: if I take you at your word now, I take it for good and aye. Mind you that."

"Indeed I hope and expect it is what you will do. My dear mother did not pray for wealth for me," he added in a half-whisper, an earnest radiance in his dark eyes; "least of all wealth to which I had no right: rather than that, poverty. God has given me health and strength and brains to earn my own living, dear Mrs. Garston, and I should prefer to do it."

"Listen to a word first. I—"

"Dinner is served, madam," interposed the footman, opening the door with a swing.

Down came Mrs. Garston's stick in anger: she nearly threw it at him.

"Dinner may wait," she sharply said; and the man shut the door again.

"Are you listening to me, Thomas Kage?"

"Indeed I am."

"Very well. You have just said, perhaps your mother can hear us,—and I don't know whether such a thought comes from heaven, or whether it doesn't,—but at least, in the teeth of it, I'd not say aught but what's true as heaven's Gospel. Whoever may inherit the bulk of my fortune, *Barnaby Dawkes will not.* Neither will any other relative I may possess in the world. This decision I shall never revoke. If you refuse it, it will go to strangers. Now, then, consider. Take your time before you answer."

"I could not answer differently if I considered for ever," he gently answered. "Thank you very truly; but it must be as I say."

Possibly the gentleness disarmed her wrath. The stick was held quietly, and she put her hand on his arm to go in to dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NIGHT OF PERIL

On the Kerry Mountains.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

The evening train from Dublin was due at the railway station near T——, an obscure town in the southwest of Ireland. A few travellers were impatiently pacing the platform, and occasionally expressing their fears that some accident had caused the delay. Ere twenty minutes had elapsed, however, dark clouds of vapor in the distance and a rumbling sound gradually growing louder, gave notice of the approach of the train. Shortly afterwards the shriek of the engine was heard, startling a thousand echoes in the neighboring mountains, and the long line of cars rushed with fearful velocity into the station.

"Only five minutes here! Any passengers for T——?" was shouted by the guard in stentorian accents.

One solitary passenger obeyed the summons to alight at this road-side station; the waiting passengers and their luggage were rapidly transferred from the platform to the cars, and before the expiration of the allotted five minutes the train was again in motion thundering on its way. The traveller left behind was a gentleman about thirty-six, of pleasing appearance, the figure above the medium height, with a manly bearing—the noble brow and flashing eye denoting intellect of no common order. Though comparatively young he had already attained a high reputation in the legal profession, and had recently rendered himself conspicuous at the Irish bar by his able prosecution of two men accused of murdering an agent of Lord C——'s, who had evicted them from farms which they and their forefathers had rented for nearly two centuries. The case was a hard one, but sympathy for the unhappy men thus driven from their homes was soon merged in the indignation excited by their crime, perpetrated through revenge. The evidence against them was weak, but through the ability with which the Queen's counsel managed the case the men were convicted and condemned to be executed.

As the train moved off a railway porter approached the traveller we have been describing and asked if he wished to have his luggage sent on to T——, the man from the hotel being about to leave the station. A curt negative was the reply.

"And where do you wish it removed?" was the next query.

"Is there no conveyance here from Mr. Meredith's? I hoped to find a carriage waiting to convey me to the Lodge," the traveller remarked in tones of disappointment.

"Shure your honor wasn't expected till to-morrow," broke in suddenly a gaunt, wild-looking beggar, who with other loiterers had gathered on the railway platform to see the train from Dublin come and go. He was generally considered an omadawn or half-witted creature, but some who knew him well declared he was more knave than fool. He made mendicancy a trade, not from inability to labor, but from the love of a vagrant life, appealing to the compassion of his fellow creatures by the utter wretchedness of his appearance. A coat literally of many colors, owing to its various patches, was fastened round the throat, and hung loosely from his shoulders, leaving the muscular arms bare—an old felt hat or caubeen battered into a grotesque shape, trabeens or stockings without feet, and tattered brogues completed his attire. The face was exceedingly repulsive from the sinister expression of the deep-set eyes that flashed their baneful light from beneath the shaggy brows, which, as well as the coarse-matted locks covering the ill-shapen head, were of an ebony hue.

"Not expected! Did they not get my letter, telling them I should arrive this evening?"

"Sorra letther ever come! In coorse if it did they'd be here to meet your honor."

"And who are you that speak so confidently on the subject?" asked the traveller, eyeing the beggar with mingled curiosity and disgust.

"Tony *dhu* or black Anthony, that's what they call me, your honor. And you are counsellor Dalton from Dublin, I'll go bail," he added with a glance of peculiar meaning at one of the bystanders.

"How do you know that? I never saw you before."

"Shure you say you want to go to the Big House, and didn't Corney the futman tell me yistherday you was comin' down to see the young lady?" and Tony leered hideously at the counsellor.

"When did he say I was coming?"

"To-morrow, plase your honor, and he was to come over wid the dog cart to dhrive yourself and the portmanty to the Lodge."

Mr. Dalton paced the platform for a few minutes in some perplexity, then turning to the porter, who was still standing guard over his luggage, he said—

"I will leave my portmanteau in your care until to-morrow, and I shall walk to Mr. Meredith's. It is not far, I believe, taking the mountain road."

"Not more than three miles, and it is a very pleasant evening," was the porter's observation.

"Yes. I shall no doubt enjoy the walk, and the pure mountain breeze will be quite refreshing, after having for the last week inhaled the heated atmosphere of a crowded court-house."

Mr. Dalton was then turning quickly away, about to leave the station, when he was stopped by a whining appeal from Tony *dhu*.

"The saints bless your honor! won't ye give a shilling to the poor omadawn to dhrink your health, and success to ye at the Big House, wid the purty colleen? Shure isn't she the beauty? Sorra one in the barony can hould a candle to her. And won't ye be the happy man whin ye get her? An' why not? Shure you're the cliver counsellor, Misther Dalton! Begorra by the power of your tongue ye proved it agin the presoners in the Dublin coort-house, an' brought them in guilty the crathure.—An' isn't it yerself will have the curses showered thick an' heavy on your head for doin' that same?"

This last remark was muttered to himself as he clutched the silver coin counsellor Dalton flung him when he left the platform, and a malignant light gleamed from his eye as he watched him take the road to the mountains.

"So he's come afore we looked for him, Tony!"

This was said in a confidential whisper by the bystander already alluded to.

"Faix he's here, shure enough, Barney! an' now what's to be done? he'll escape us afther all."

"Everything depinds on you, Tony, avick. You must run as fast as your legs can carry you an' tell 'the boys' the news. So be off wid ye at once, mabouchal!"

The evening, as the railway porter had said, was very fine. An autumnal sun was shedding a mellowed radiance on the wild and picturesque scenery of the mountains, gleaming on their granite peaks, which rose bare and abrupt into the clear blue sky, and touching with golden light the dark green leaves of the holly and the silvery foliage of the ash, which sprung out grotesquely from the deep fissures in the cliffs. The road at first led up a precipitous ascent, then at a considerable elevation it wound through a deep defile, in some places so narrow that it seemed to be cut through the rugged cliffs which bordered it on either side, rising high as the eye could reach.

At the end of this gloomy pass the prospect suddenly opened, and Dalton, struck by the savage grandeur of the scene, seated himself on a moss-covered rock to contemplate it for a while and indulge in the luxury of a cigar. Ranges of mountains rose towering around, their sides showing magnificent precipices entirely destitute of herbage, with more than one silvery waterfall leaping from crag to crag. Far below was a deep, secluded glen, through which a mountain torrent wound a tortuous course, foaming over its rugged bed. On the brink of this brawling stream rose the humble cottage of a peasant, the only one Dalton had yet seen in his walk from the railway station. One solitary figure was seen crossing the glen in the direction of the cottage, or cabin, as it is called in Ireland. It was a young girl in the picturesque costume of the peasantry; her scarlet cloak—the hood of which was partly drawn over her head—contrasting brightly with the verdant turf over which she lightly stepped and the sombre hue of the surrounding mountains. Evening was now shedding its increasing gloom over the scene, and although daylight still lingered on the fantastic peaks above, in the glen below the shadows of twilight were deepening into night.

"By George! I shall be benighted in this wild place," exclaimed Dalton, as he flung away his cigar and began hastily to descend the winding path leading to the glen. "How foolish I was to remain so long admiring the sublimity of nature and enjoying the deep solitude around!"

From the glen more than one rugged defile opened a way through the mountains. One of these, called the narrow gorge, led in the direction of the Lodge, the residence of Owen Meredith, Esq., counsellor, Dalton's friend.

As the scene was soon shrouded in darkness, he found it necessary to inquire his way on reaching the base of the mountains. For this purpose, therefore, he approached the cabin. The door, as in most Irish cottages, was open, and through it he could see into the interior. There was an air of comfort and an appearance of neatness not always seen in the dwelling of the Irish peasant. A turf fire was burning in the wide fire-place, to which a piece of bog-wood had been added, and by the bright ruddy light it threw around the inmates were distinctly seen. These were an old woman and the young girl Dalton had seen in the glen, apparently grandmother and grandchild. The old woman was sitting in a low chair on one side of the hearth busily knitting, while she listened eagerly to some news the girl was telling, and so deeply were they engaged talking that the footsteps of Dalton as he approached the cabin escaped their notice. The countenance of the girl was very pleasing; she was handsome, too—her eyes were deep blue, with long dark lashes, and though her complexion was browned from toil, yet the hue of the rose colored the rounded cheek, while the rich masses of chestnut hair might have excited the envy of a city belle, as they would have made a magnificent chignon—one large enough to satisfy the critical eye of Fashion.

His own name, pronounced by the girl, arrested Dalton's steps on the threshold, and made him pause to listen.

"An' who could you he was come, Aileen?" asked the old woman, looking eagerly at her young companion.

"Tony *dhu*, the vagabone, an' he could some of 'the boys' and set them on his thrack."

"An' what do they intind to do wid the counshellor? Shure it isn't his life they're afther?"

"Musha meself doesn't know, but it's little mercy Mike Sullivan will show if he comes across him this blessed night, for you remimber, granny, one of the presoners soon to be hung in Dublin is his own shisther's son."

"Thrue for you, avourneen, but I hope Brian won't take any part in this business. Shure it 'ud be the manes of turnin' Misther Meredith agin us, an' isn't his family the best frinds the poor has in the counthry? What wud they do if it wasn't *for* the help they get from the Big House?"

"Troth that's thrue, granny, but it's little Mike Sullivan or any like him will considher that whin they want their revinge."

At this moment the old woman's eye fell on the distinguished-looking stranger standing in the door-way, the lurid light of the fire gleaming on his face, now wearing a troubled look. At her exclamation of surprise, Aileen, who was standing with her back to the door, turned quickly round, and with a start of dismay recognized Dalton. She had seen him at the Lodge during his former visits.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, courteously, advancing a few steps, "but night has overtaken me on my way to Mr. Meredith's, and I have called to inquire in what direction the pass lies which leads to the Lodge."

The old woman and Aileen exchanged glances.

"I have heard part of your conversation," Dalton continued, after a moment's reflection, "and I am aware of some danger threatening me, though I have yet to learn what I have done to incur the ill-will of those who are strangers to me."

"Well, then, sir, the truth is this!" said the old woman, bluntly, "the frinds of them two men ye was the manes of bringing in guilty for the murdher of Lord C——'s agint, has sworn to be revenged."

"Ah! I understand—I was Queen's counsel in the case," observed Dalton, a sense of the danger of his position impressing him painfully.

"Shure it was the witness swearing agin them, was the most to blame," broke in Aileen, timidly, "and that's what I towld Tony, but he said it was yer honor's clever tongue that ruined the crathurs intirely."

"That fellow Tony is no fool!" observed Dalton, angrily. "He ought to be taken up for vagrancy."

"Thrue, for ye, sir; but, beggar as he is, and, omadawn as he purtends to be, he's mighty useful to 'the boys,' for he goes everywhere, and picks up bits of news here and there. Sorra one wud know of yer honor's being here to-night, only for him."

"You see, sir," continued the old woman, pathetically, "that it was a mighty hard case for them two men to be brought to sich distress—turnt out of their homes on the wide world, widout a place to lay their heads, or a cabin to shelther their wives and the childher. An' shure it's no wondher ef the divil did timpt them to murdher that black-hearted man, the agint that done it all on them."

"But nothing can justify murder," said Dalton, very gravely. "I know that eviction is hard to bear, and is often a cruel wrong to the poor farmer; nevertheless he must not be allowed to take life in revenge for his wrongs. The laws of God and of man forbid that."

"That's just what Father Doyle preached from the althar last Sunday afther Mass," observed Aileen.

"And what his rivirence said, was right, no doubt," resumed her grandmother; "but in spite of all that can be said, the crathurs that's going to be hung, has the pity of the poor to comfort them. The law an' the guvernment can't take that from them, anyhow. If they could, they wud—for many is the wrongs of poor Ireland!"

The tones of the old woman were bitter, and an angry light flashed from her gray eyes.

"Those men deserve no pity," said Dalton, sternly. "They were convicted of murder, and they deserve to suffer the penalty of the law."

"Maybe they do, and maybe they don't," she answered, doggedly. "Anyhow, the man that has a heart widin him, can't help feelin' pity for the misfortunate crathurs, when the black throuble cum upon them all at once!"

Counsellor Dalton saw it was no use to argue the point any farther. She looked upon crime with that leniency so often seen in the Irish peasant when the offence is committed against one who has made himself obnoxious by his cruelty or hard dealings with the poor. Her sympathy was all with the condemned men awaiting the execution of their sentence in the gaol in Dublin.

"The distance from this glen to the Lodge is only a mile," Dalton said, after a moment's reflection. "If you will point out the way, I may yet reach it in safety."

"Don't attempt it, Misther Dalton," said Aileen, eagerly, "the road is beset wid them that's no friends of yours."

"Perhaps I had better return the way I came, and seek refuge in T——."

There was perplexity but no craven fear in the fine eyes looking so anxiously into the commiserating face of pretty Aileen Hanlon.

"That wouldn't save ye, I'm afeard! It was a bad day ye vintured down here now, sir, when the feelin' is so bad agin ye."

"My coming unexpectedly is very unfortunate. If I had waited 'till to-morrow, and been met by a servant and conveyance from the Lodge, this peril would have been escaped."

"Faix, I doubt it, sir! they would have attacked ye even then, for Mike Sullivan is a man that wud stop at nothin'."

"Is there no place where I could hide myself till morning?"

Dalton's tones were very anxious, his situation was looking so alarming, that even his brave spirit quailed before the danger threatening him.

A sudden thought now occurred to Aileen. She turned eagerly to her grandmother and addressed her in their native tongue. By their gestures and the expression of their faces, Dalton knew the girl was proposing something which did not please the old woman. In the midst of their altercation, a distant whistle was heard, re-echoing through the glen.

"Holy Biddy save us! if there isn't Tony *dhu!* He's comin' for Brian, no doubt; and he'll be here in no time!" exclaimed Aileen, hurriedly, her cheek growing suddenly pale. "Granny, you must consint!" she added, with increasing excitement. "It's Misther Dalton's only chance. Shure ye would not see him kilt at our doore!"

"Well, do it, an' be quick, avourneen! ye are right, it's his only chance; an' afther all, I wudn't like to see him murdherd afore me eyes. Besides, isn't he goin' to marry Miss Meredith; and for her sake, if for nothin' else, I'll thry to save him!"

A moment afterwards and Counsellor Dalton was secreted in the widow Hanlon's cottage, in a small apartment off the kitchen, the bed-room of herself and Aileen. There at least they thought he would be safe. No one would think of searching that dwelling; for Brian Hanlon, Aileen's brother, was numbered among the disaffected Irish—one of "the boys" in fact.

As the gaunt figure of black Anthony appeared in the doorway, Aileen, in order to hide the agitation his unexpected arrival caused, busied herself turning some oatmeal cakes that were baking before the fire for the evening meal.

"God save all here!"—the Irish peasant's mode of salutation—were the words with which Tony strode boldly into the cabin.

There was no response of God save ye kindly! for both women were annoyed at his intrusion. He noticed the coolness of his reception, but in no way abashed he advanced towards the fire and squatting on the hearth beside Aileen, stretched out his large claw-like hands before the blaze.

"Keep yer distance!" fiercely exclaimed the girl, as she sprang indignantly to her feet and shrank with evident aversion from the beggar.

"Won't ye let a body take an air of the fire?" he asked, sullenly.

"Shure it isn't cowld ye are this fine evening!" she retorted angrily. "An' what brings ye here at all when ye're not wanted?"

"I'm not goin' to inconvanience ye long, an' ye might keep a civil tongue in yer head, Aileen Hanlon, an' not thrate a poor omadawn in that way. Is them the manners ye larnt her, granny?" he added, turning indignantly to the old woman.

"Never heed her, Tony," she answered, soothingly; "she's not in the best of timpers to-night."

"But what were ye wantin' avick?"

"Where's Brian? He's wanted out there," was Tony *dhu's* reply to Mrs. Hanlon's question.

"Who wants him?" she asked sharply.

"'The boys,'" was the curt reply.

"Well, Brian is not to the fore, as one may see; he's not come back from T——," broke in Aileen, her eyes still flashing anger as she turned them on the vagrant. "So be off wid ye at once and lave Brian alone."

The girl's harshness to Tony *dhu* was partly assumed. She wanted to get rid of him, fearful that he might discover Dalton in the adjoining room, for in spite of his assumed simplicity she knew he possessed much shrewdness.

"What's wantin' wid Brian? Is there anything goin' on to-night, Tony, agra?" asked Mrs. Hanlon, anxious to learn "the boys" intentions regarding Dalton.

"Meself doesn't know. Shure it's not to a poor omadawn, like Tony *dhu*, they'd tell their saycrets. They're too cute for that, an' small blame to them! But bedad, here's Brian himself!" the beggar added joyfully, as a hasty step was heard approaching the door of the lonely dwelling. "Ye're just in time, Brian mabouchal! I'm waiting for ye, shure."

"What's up now?" asked Aileen's brother—a good-looking young man—as he entered the cabin. His tones were half-anxious, half-impatient.

"Ye're wanted, but maybe ye haven't heard the news?"

"I've heard nothin' strange. What have ye to tell?"

"He's come, begorra!"

"Who's come?"

"The counsellor from Dublin, who else?"

Brian started. "He wasn't expected till to-morrow."

"Thrue for ye, but faix he's come anyhow."

There was a gloomy silence for a few moments. It was broken by Brian inquiring in a husky voice what was wanted wid him.

"Arrah, meself doesn't know. All they towld me was to bring ye wid me."

"I must brake me long fast first," said Brian, with an angry scowl at the beggar, who was grinning provokingly, enjoying the pain the young man felt at being summoned to engage in the cruel act meditated against the counsellor. "Aileen, get the supper ready," he added, turning to his sister.

The oat cakes, with some milk and butter, were soon placed on a small deal table, covered with a coarse white cloth. Tony *dhu* was not invited to sit down at the humble board, but was handed some food to eat where he was standing, which he devoured ravenously—the keen air of the mountains had sharpened his appetite.

Before the frugal meal was ended the little party was increased by the entrance of a tall, muscular peasant, in whose gray eyes gleamed the ferocious light of malignant passions. Through a chink in the boarded partition which separated Aileen's bed-room from the kitchen, Dalton could see and hear all that was passing, and the pulsations of his heart quickened and a shudder passed through his frame as his eye fell on the fierce countenance of the new comer. He had also been sent for Brian Hanlon, and with a muttered imprecation he demanded why he kept them waiting.

"Isn't there enough widout me for this business?" Brian asked sullenly.

"But I tell ye they want to send ye up to the Lodge to find out if the counshellor is there, bekase ye're used to go to the house often, an' it won't be noticed if ye do go to reconnoither."

"Why not send Tony? Won't he do?"

"I darn't go, Brian!" broke in Tony, hurriedly. "Shure Misther Meredith himself forbid me the house, an' said he'd set the dogs on me if he ever caught me prowlin' round there agin. An' ye see we're afeard the counshellor has got to the Lodge unknownst to us, bekase we haven't met wid him yet, and us pathrollin' the mountains ever since nightfall."

"What if he has got safe to Misther Meredith's, Con.?" asked Brian, anxiously. "Shure ye don't mane to attack the house?"

"Or coorse not! We've nothin' agin him or his. He's the kind landlord an' the good friend to every one wantin' help; but if counshellor Dalton comes across us this same night we'll batther the life out ov him any how! It's little pity he showed to Mike Sullivan's sisther's son, or to Andy Murphy, me own brother,' an' it's little pity he'll get from us."

The savage vehemence of the man's voice and the fiendish malignity of his countenance sent a thrill of horror to the heart of Dalton as he watched and listened in breathless agitation.

"It's a dirty business, an' I don't like it at all," said Brian, moodily.

"Well, then, don't have anything to do wid it, Brian asthore," said his sister, boldly. "I'll tell ye what it is, Con. Murphy," she continued vehemently, her fine eyes flashing defiance at him, "it's a base act ye intind to do. To think of so many seeking the life of one! It's a cowardly deed, and no good can come of it."

"It's very well for a *colleen dhas* like yerself to spake so bouldly, Aileen," said Con., looking admiringly at the girl's handsome face, flushed with indignant excitement, "but sich impident words from yer brother or any mortial man wud be the manes of stretchin' him on the flure at me feet. But I'm losin' time palaverin' here. Brian Hanlon," he added, menacingly, "refuse to come at yer peril."

With a grieved look at his sister, Brian rose without another word and followed Murphy and Tony *dhu* out of the cabin.

"It's a pity I didn't offer to go meself to the Lodge," remarked Aileen as the door closed after them, and she was left alone with her grandmother.

"Arrah! what for acushla?"

"To tell them that he was here. Shure Misther Meredith would sind the peelers to convoy him safe. I'm afeard, Granny, that Tony the vagabone suspects somethin'. I saw him eyeing the partition betune us and the counshellor. Faix!" Aileen added after a moment's consideration, "I'll run up to the Big House anyhow an' let them know."

The old woman looked up startled.

"Have ye lost yere sinses, girl, to think of turning informer? Shure if 'the boys' knew we harbored him they'd burn the cabin over our heads."

The bed-room door was now gently opened, and Dalton advanced a step into the kitchen.

"Do not run any more risk on my account," he said, with a grateful look at Aileen. "If you think Tony suspects I am here, I will go away out into the darkness—anywhere, trusting to Providence for protection, rather than you should incur the ill-will of those malignant men, or that their vengeance should fall upon you."

"Don't think of it, Misther Dalton," said Aileen, eagerly. "It would be jist goin' to sartain death to lave this house afore morning, bekase—"

A faint cry from Mrs. Hanlon interrupted what the girl was going to add.

"Blessed Mary! if there isn't that spalpeen's ugly face close up agin the windy lookin' in at us," observed the widow in accents of consternation. "He's come back for no good. Shure enough he suspects somethin'."

Dalton hastily retreated, taking the precaution to bolt the bed-room door against sudden intrusion. With a throbbing heart and anxious eye he stood peeping through the chink in the partition, watching for the entrance of Tony. He did not wait long.

"Hooroo! hooroo! I've found him out! Didn't I know he was here?" the beggar exultingly exclaimed, flourishing his shelalah and dashing wildly into the cabin.

"Be off wid ye, ye omadawn! what foolery are ye at now?" said Aileen, boldly confronting him. "Be off wid ye, I say, and don't be prowlin' round the cabin like a thief! What did ye come back for frightenin' lone women at this hour of the night?"

"Shure he's in there! Didn't I see him wid me own two eyes? Clear the way, colleen, an' let me at him," and he made a rush at the bed-room door, pushing Aileen, who had placed herself before it roughly aside.

Dalton drew a revolver from his pocket, determined to defend himself, and yet he well knew that shooting Tony *dhu* would not save him, for the sound of fire-arms would attract more of his enemies to the cottage, and he would be overpowered by numbers. However woman's ready wit interfered in his behalf, and saved him from this imminent peril.

"Whisper, Tony avick," Mrs. Hanlon said in wheedling accents, laying her shrivelled hand on the savage creature's arm and pulling him back with gentle force.

He turned on her an angry look, but stopped to listen.

"Are ye mad to go in there alone?" she continued, speaking low and confidentially. "Shure he's armed an' will shoot ye like a dog. Wait till some of 'the boys' comes back, till Brian himself is here."

The mention of fire-arms startled Tony, and he retreated in alarm.

"Thrue for ye, Granny Hanlon, but I'll go for 'the boys' at once. Tim Rooney has a gun, an' can shoot too! Hooroo for the fun! begorra! he's caught like a fox in a thrap!"

"Ye needn't be in such a hurry, man alive. Stop an' take a glass afore ye go. The air is sharp out there in the mountains, an' a dhrop of poteen will keep the could out."

The old woman knew Tony's weak point. The offer of a glass of whiskey was an irresistible temptation. For it he would forgo everything.

"Is it the rale stuff?" he asked, smacking his lips, his eyes gleaming with brutal satisfaction.

"Faix it's nothin' else. Stop an' rest till Brian comes back an' smoke a pipe wid me, an' tell us all the news that's goin'."

"Maybe Tony would like the punch betther?" said Aileen in conciliating accents. She understood her grandmother's motive in offering him intoxicating drink. It was their only hope of saving Dalton's life, and they did not hesitate to do evil that good might come, thinking that the end justified the means.

"If ye have the hot wather an' the shuchar convanient I'd like it well, colleen," was the beggar's reply to Aileen's question, while the savage expression of his face was softened by the unexpected kindness.

The ingredients for making Tony a hot glass were quickly produced, and soon he was seated in the chimney corner smoking a dudeen, with a noggin of strong punch before him, forgetful of the presence of Dalton in the next room, oblivious of everything but the present gratification. An hour passed away, Tony enjoying such happiness as seldom fell to his lot, imbibing as much poteen as he liked to take. Gradually the strong beverage took effect, the heat of the fire, and the soothing influence of the weed he was inhaling, contributing their aid to steep his senses in forgetfulness. Before another hour had elapsed he lay stretched on the floor in the heavy sleep of intoxication.

"He'll throuble us no more to-night," exclaimed Mrs. Hanlon, with a feeling of relief as she gazed at the prostrate beggar, "but, woman alive, what a power of poteen it took to lay him stretched. Shure it wud be enough to kill a dacent man."

It was now about eleven o'clock, but the anxious inmates of the cabin felt no inclination to sleep. Dalton sat nervously counting the minutes as they passed, occasionally exchanging a few words with his humble friends as they whiled away the time knitting or spinning in the next room. Never was the light of day more eagerly watched for than on this eventful night. If the Merediths only knew of his danger. If he could communicate with the inmates of the Lodge, he would be rescued, but that was impossible without endangering the safety of the family who were so kindly protecting him.

It was half an hour after midnight, when the stillness of that mountain solitude was broken by the measured tramp of many feet. Dalton started from his seat in sudden alarm. Was it a large body of his enemies approaching the cabin, or could it be a constabulary force searching for some offender through the mountains—a thing not uncommon in that part of the country. Stealthily he approached the little window of his hiding place and looked out.

By the faint star-light a dark mass was seen moving towards the cabin, but seen so indistinctly that Dalton could not discern whether they were friends or foes. Before long, however, his trembling hopes of a rescue were confirmed, as the bright firelight streaming through the kitchen window into the darkness without, revealed the dark uniform of an armed body of police.

"Holy saints be praised, ye're safe now! here's the guager and his men!" exclaimed Aileen, in joyful excitement, flinging open the bed-room door.

It was even so. A party of revenue police still-hunting in the mountains, had been attracted by the light in the glen, and had approached the cabin to reconnoitre, thus arriving opportunely to take Counsellor Dalton under their protection.

With many expressions of gratitude, he bade adieu to Mrs. Hanlon and her granddaughter, placing in the widow's hands a roll of banknotes, a marriage portion, he said, for the pretty Aileen.

Instead of proceeding to Mr. Meredith's, Dalton returned to the railway station, arriving just in time for the early Dublin train. Therefore, when the morning dawned, he was some miles from the scene of his night's adventure.

At his request, the police were ordered by their officer not to reveal the secret of his place of concealment, lest the Hanlon family might suffer for their kindness to him in his hour of danger.

The next morning Tony *dhu* awoke with a very confused recollection of what had occurred the preceding night. Indeed, so indistinct were his reminiscences, that Aileen and her grandmother had no difficulty in persuading him it was only a dhrame.

But what had become of the counsellor was a matter of surprise to more persons than Tony *dhu*. Where had he spent the night? and how had he escaped "the boys" in their search after him through the mountains? Some, more credulous than the rest, not being able to answer these questions satisfactorily, were ready to believe what Tony *dhu* affirmed: that "Ould Nick himself had flown away wid him, bekase the divil always takes care of his own."

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inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Dictionary of the Future.

Hair, *n.*, flexible substance growing out of the skin, but at the present day not, as a rule, out of the skin of the wearer; a covering for the head, to be had of any color or pattern, like every other article of dress.

Hair-Dye, *n.*, a compound generally poisonous, the sale of which enables its vendors to change into gold the lead of which it mostly consists.

Hand, *n.*, a part of the arm which the lady bestows, and a gentleman seeks, in money-matches, when anything like heart is entirely out of the question which the gentleman is said to pop.

Happiness, *n.*, the aim and end of life; too often, unfortunately, the end.

Harmony, *n.*, an indispensable element in all the parts of a musical composition, but frequently found wanting in the tenor of married life.

Harp, *n.*, a musical instrument not so much adapted to please the ear as to afford a fair performer the opportunity for displaying a fine arm. Consequently, when short sleeves went out, the harp was neglected. The harp may be defined as doing for a graceful arm what croquet does for a well-turned ankle.

Hash, *n.*, an amateur performance, literary, theatrical and musical.

Hat, *n.*, a portion of male attire. Originally it was graceful and becoming; at present it is only becoming more hideous every day. It is supposed to shade the wearer from the sun and protect him from the rain; but, as it does neither, the supposition is perfectly gratuitous, though the hat itself is generally quite the contrary, being high in price, however low in the crown.

Head, *n.*, a portion of the human body intended by nature to produce hair and contain brains, but frequently as empty inside as it is bare out.

Health, *n.*, one of two elements—the other being wealth—which, when combined, form a pleasant effervescing mixture, called human happiness.

Heart, *n.*, a physical necessity in a man's system as created by nature, but frequently considered a superfluity in the system pursued by himself.

Heiress, *n.*, an agreeable kind of young lady, considerately instituted by nature for the benefit of gentlemen (not unfrequently Irish) endowed with liberal tastes, but possessing only restricted means of gratifying them.

Heraldry, *n.*, a so-called art; the only art about it, however, being the art displayed by its professors in gaining money by the preservation of a large colored picture-book system invented for belted earls and brave knights who were unable to read, just as signboards once hung over our shops to guide hackney-coachmen and chairmen equally illiterate, if less noble.

Heresy, *n.*, a name bestowed with charming impartiality on the most opposite tenets, according to the sect to which a man belongs.

Hero, *n.*, a person supposed to be superior to his fellow-men, but unable, we are told, to impose on his *valet-de-chambre*. If this be true, he is very foolish to keep one.

Hero-Worshipper, *n.*, an insignificant individual, who hopes to attract attention by the noise he makes about some one else.

Hieroglyphics, *n.*, *pl.*, mysterious characters employed by the ancient Egyptian priests for concealing the meaning of what they wrote from any person but themselves. It is a subject of general regret that some modern authors do not adopt hieroglyphics to conceal, not their meaning, but their want of it.

History, *n.*, in far too many instances, a base alloy of party prejudice and sectarian perversions, electrotyped with a thin coating of fact, so as to make it resemble truth.

Hoarse, *adj.*, idle; disinclined to fulfill one's professional duties (applied to some public singers.)

Holland, *n. p.*, a large tract of water, principally canals, intersected here and there by a little land, and bounded on the west and north by the North Sea.

Homicidal, *adj.*; anti-domestic; home-annihilating.

Honesty, *n.*, a flower; also a virtue once characterising the mercantile community. The flower is still found.

Honeymoon, *n.*, a month in which many persons appear to exhaust all the sweets of matrimony, so as to have none left for the rest of their married life.

Honor (*Code of*), *n.*, a set of rules sanctioned by society for the especial benefit of its most disreputable members, and according to which a man may with impunity injure another most deeply and irreparably, provided he is prepared to shoot him afterwards—not to put his victim out of his misery, but to prove that he is himself a man of honor, a fact which would otherwise be incredible. This portion of the code has fallen into great disrepute in England. Another portion of it is, however, still very flourishing. This is the portion relating to "Debts of Honor," which is skillfully framed so as to enable men of honor to defraud honest tradesmen, under the pretence of satisfying their obligations to persons of a different stamp, generally gamblers and blacklegs.

Obeying Orders.

At Plymouth, there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was allowed to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach save the general's cow; and the sentry had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day, old Lady D——, having called at the general's, in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return and go the other road. She remonstrated. The man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground.

"But," said Lady D——, with a stately air, "do you know who I am?"

"I don't know who you be, ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I knows who you baint—you baint the general's cow."

A FELLOW who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors.

"Shure, an' I'll tell you how to get rid of 'em," said the maid of all work.

"Pray, how?"

"Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will iver trouble ye agin."

SOMETHING IN THAT.

JONES, visiting his friend Smith.—"How very civil all these villagers are!—they all touch their hats or hair to you. How the dooce do you manage to get round 'em so?"

SMITH.—"Easy as lying, old boy—owe each of 'em a little bill."

Right of Passage.

Once upon a time there came to New Orleans a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the science of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a little sprinkle of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital and had a room in the third story as a study. On entering into his new quarters he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the front room also as a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners—courteous, yet cold—and he thus addressed his new companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom could I ever agree—we never could pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim that nearest the window.

The Kentuckian consented.

"Now," says the Frenchman, "I'll draw the 'boundary line' between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights," and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division midway from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged; while "Old Kentuck" was washing himself and thinking what a singular genius he must be and how he might "fix him."

Things went on until dinner-time came. The bell was rung—the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustachios, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger, suddenly placing himself with his toe to the mark directly before the French student, "if you cross that line, by George, you're a dead man!"

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed—"Is it possible I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is a window which you *reserved* to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that—*my* door, which you generously *left* me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not "what it's cracked up to be," said to his new friend—"*Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable*, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line and let you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and after the settlement of that "boundary question" they were the best of friends.

A GIRL OF THE AGE.—A paper thus describes a specimen of this genus in New York: "She went to the theatre, and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two, and broke off three previous engagements; read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner enough for two milkmen; took a walk on Fifth Avenue, bought two pounds of French candy, and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other."

Average Weight and Height of Man.

Quetelet, who has devoted more attention to this subject than any other writer, gives the average weight of an adult male 136.993 pounds, and the average height 5.333 feet.

Dr. Gould, who examined a large number of students in the junior and senior classes at Harvard University and Yale College, together with some members of the professional schools, reports their average height 5.666 feet, and average weight 139.700 pounds. A. Maclaren, who has the charge of the gymnasium connected with the Oxford University, England, reports of the first one hundred names on his book, as they arrived at the University, their average height 5.825 feet, and average weight 132.070 pounds.

From the vital statistics of all the members of Amherst College from 1861 to 1869—making over 600 different students—their average weight was found to be 139.485 pounds, and average height 5.651 feet.—*Dr. Nathan Allen, in Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

The Modern Passover.

The feast, as now held in London, is an attractive scene. We see a Jewish family around their table on the eve of the Passover. Everything is clean; all looks cheerful. The table, covered with a white fine linen cloth, handsomely laid out, the lamp burning brightly. In the middle of the table you see a large dish with three unleavened cakes, one placed upon the other. The uppermost is called Cohen, the next Levite, and the nethermost Israelite, representing the three classes existing among the Jews. Next to the large dish there are three smaller ones, filled with bitter herbs and sweet sauces, which are to be eaten in commemoration of the bitter labor their forefathers had to perform in Egypt, but sweetened by the hope of deliverance. Before each member of the family is placed a cup of wine, the cup of blessing; and presently the head of the family takes the cup in his hands and says, "Blessed art Thou, oh eternal God, King of the universe!" Then the whole company lay hold on the dish in which the unleavened cakes are, lift it up, and say with a loud voice, "Lo, this is as the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let those who are hungry enter and eat thereof, and all who are necessitous come and celebrate the Passover. At present we celebrate it here, but next year we hope to celebrate it in the land of Israel. This year we are servants here, but next year we hope to be free men in the land of Israel." They then rehearse the whole history connected with their delivery and exodus from Egypt, after which they take supper; then follow prayer, praises, and hymns. They pray for their national restoration, for the coming of the Messiah; sing the well-known hymn, "The mighty God shall build His temple speedily;" and they conclude this joyful evening with calling out in Hebrew, "Next year we shall be at Jerusalem." All this is very interesting; but the Lamb, the Paschal Lamb, is not seen here! Not even its type or its shadow remains with the Jew. But why do the Jews not sacrifice their Paschal Lamb? They say, "Alas! now our temple has been destroyed on account of our sins, the sacrifices have ceased, we have no more a priest who can offer the sacrifice; receive, therefore, our prayer instead of the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, and restore to us our temple; then we will offer unto Thee the Paschal Lamb in its season, as Thou hast commanded us by Thy servant Moses."

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep:—"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7½ o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour."

☞ LAUGHTER.—Nothing acts so directly upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit.

AGRICULTURAL.

Dry Earth for Bedding Stables.

FROM THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL.

Of late, much has been said and written about "Earth Closets," and their use seems to be appreciated as disinfectants and as a source conducive to good health. Dry earth has also been used to some extent for bedding stables, and found to answer all the good purposes expected from it.

It would be useless to discuss with a farmer, the value of stable manure; he knows very well what it is worth—that it is superior to all other manures; the only difficulty with him is to get enough of it. He knows also, that it is not always valuable in proportion to its bulk; one cart load of well concentrated manure being equal to two or more loads in a coarse, rough state.

Straw is almost as dear in the market as the best of hay, therefore it has become too expensive an article to bed stables with, and the farmer who uses it freely for that purpose has not an eye to strict economy. The substitute that we can recommend is *dry earth*. Every farmer has plenty of it. Let any kind of soil or subsoil be collected and put under cover, convenient to the stables, to be used as required. This can be done at any season of the year when the ground is not frozen, and an hour or two can be spared from other work; there are many such spare hours in the course of the year that could not be better employed, or even whole days.

The earth should be spread over the whole surface of the stable floor, three or four inches deep to begin with and as it becomes saturated with urine add fresh earth until it becomes six, eight, or more inches deep; when all of it is thus saturated it may be removed to the manure heap along with the excrementitious matter of the animals. Whenever, on entering the stable, you find any offensive smell arising from the floor add more fresh earth until the odor is all absorbed. In this way all the valuable manurial salts are saved, locked up, so they cannot be wasted, until carried to the field and incorporated with the soil to feed succeeding crops.

The health of the stock is promoted by having the atmospheric air of the stable kept in a pure state for breathing. A little plaster of paris sprinkled with the dry earth on the stable floor will be of some advantage as an absorbent of the manurial salts.

The natural resting place for animals to lie down on is the face of the *earth*. They always arise from this natural bed refreshed and full of vigor. After a stretch and a shake of themselves, they feel as if a new life had been infused into them and they go forth to the duties of the day with a freshness that is pleasant to behold.

Now, this natural bed of earth, to lie down on, is furnished exactly suited to their nature, their wants and their condition, by a good coating of soil, kept and frequently renewed on the stable floor.

Corn and Hogs.

From carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10½ pounds of pork gross. Taking the results as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay up for convenient reference. That:

When corn costs 12½ cents per bushel, pork costs 1½ cents per pound.

When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs four cents per pound.

When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statement shows what the farmer realizes on his corn when in the form of pork:

When pork sells for three cents per pound, it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for four cents per pound, it brings 33 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for five cents per pound, it brings 50 cents per bushel in corn.

CORN SHRINKAGE.—A correspondent of Davenport Gazette says:—"In November, 1868, I received as my share of the crop of one of my tenants, two hundred bushels of corn, then selling in Davenport at forty cents per bushel. The corn was put in a well protected crib, and was in excellent condition when sold. I have just had it hauled to town and sold at seventy cents per bushel. The total present weight was exactly one hundred and fifty-two bushels, showing a shrinkage of forty-eight bushels or twenty-four per cent. discount from the original amount. There was no unusual exposure to rats, bad weather, etc.; the corn was first quality, and I think the experiment was in all respects a fair test of the profit and loss of holding over.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—We have found that hog's lard is the best thing to mix in with the dough, to give hens, to make them lay. One cut of this fat as large as a walnut, will set a hen to lay immediately after she has been broken up from setting, and by feeding them with the fat occasionally, the hens continue to lay through the winter.

RECEIPTS.

WILD DUCKS.—Must be roasted at a very brisk fire; they take from twelve to twenty minutes, according to taste. Some people are of opinion that they should only fly through the kitchen: by epicures they are considered to be in true perfection when they come up dry and brown, and, when cut, flood the dish with gravy. The means of ensuring success consists in a very ardent fire, rapid motion of the spit, and constant basting. The carver should score the breast of the duck, put a piece of butter on it, and cut a lemon in half, putting on one half a spoonful of salt, and on the other a cayenne-spoonful of cayenne; put the two together, and squeeze vigorously over the duck; then pour over them a wineglassful of hot port-wine.

RABBIT STEW.—Cook them with a little chopped onion in a stewpan, with water enough to cover them, and butter and cream, pepper and salt, added when they are nearly done.

TO IMITATE CAPER SAUCE FOR BOILED POULTRY.—Boil some parsley very slowly to let it become of a bad color, then cut it up, but do not chop it fine, put it into melted butter, with a teaspoonful of salt, and a dessert-spoonful of vinegar; boil up and then serve.

EGG SAUCE.—Boil three eggs hard, cut them in small squares, and mix them in good butter sauce; make it very hot, and squeeze in some lemon juice before you serve it.

PLUM PUDDING.—One pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, one pound and a half of beef suet, one pound of flour, half a pound of bread-crumbs, four ounces of citron, four ounces of lemon, four ounces of orange-peel, two rinds of lemon, grated, juice of one lemon, four ounces of sugar, ten eggs, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg, ginger, and cinnamon, thirty-two bitter almonds, one pint of new milk, and a small particle of salt. Mix all together gradually over night, and add a little more milk in the morning if required. Boil seven or eight hours.

SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.—Mix six yolks of eggs with four spoonfuls of sifted sugar and butter mixed together; have a pint of boiling cream, which you will mix with your yolks; afterward put it on the fire, and stir it until it is of the consistency of sauce.

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.—Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of saltpetre; dry it, take a piece about the size of your hand, and on going to bed light it, and lay it on a plate in your bed-room. By so doing, persons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in health.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 68 letters.
My 1, 21, 34, 41, 62, 65, is a bird.
My 4, 20, 54, 69, 39, 49, is an animal.
My 8, 63, 17, 25, 58, 40, is a reptile.
My 11, 6, 24, 40, 64, 52, is a fruit.
My 12, 7, 26, 66, 25, 2, is a vehicle.
My 15, 21, 27, 5, 18, 67, is a bird.
My 19, 3, 22, 61, 39, 63, is an animal.
My 23, 3, 17, 9, 26, 14, is a plant.
My 28, 30, 47, 60, 20, 6, is a relative.
My 31, 24, 35, 56, 54, 7, is a tree.
My 33, 53, 17, 51, 67, 6, is a bird.
My 33, 24, 4, 53, 3, 21, is a rope.
My 37, 54, 32, 61, 14, 16, is an insect.
My 41, 17, 59, 10, 22, 40, is a flower.
My 44, 20, 24, 29, 26, 55, is a water fowl.
My 45, 43, 63, 13, 18, 39, is a plant.
My 58, 27, 36, 8, 46, 40, is a bird.
My 57, 54, 6, 35, 42, 48, is an animal.
My 66, 30, 50, 49, 52, 38, is a flower.
My whole is a poetic quotation.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

All over the world through the bright summer day
I am sure to be sought by the young and the gay;
In life's golden spring-time most men me adore,
And pursue me o'er mountain, by river and moor.
Behead me, and yet there are many who find
In this sad condition I'm still to their mind.
I'm hailed with delight by each jolly Jack Tar,
Or landsman returning from journeying afar.
Now see how I'm welcomed at every gay board
Of rich millionaire or haughtier lord;
I'm praised for my birth, I'm held up to view,
My clearness commended and bright rosy hue.
Ah! ladies of England, so blooming and fair,
Who wince at a wrinkle, and dread a gray hair,
You'll envy my lot when the truth I unfold—
That no man really loves me until I am old,
That oft I'm led forth from my home dark and dusty,
And sought after most when I am most crusty.

W. A.

Diophantine Problem.

It is required to find three integral square numbers, twice the sum of any two of which shall be a rational square.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The base of a triangle is 80 rods, the other sides are to each other as 4 to 5, and if a right line be drawn from the middle of the given side to the opposite angle, its square will be 650. Required—the sides of the triangle.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The length of a plane is 300 feet and elevation $30^{\frac{1}{2}}$. Determine that portion of it, equal to its height, which a body, in falling down the plane, describes in the same time it would fall freely through the height.

J. B. SANDERS.

Perry County, Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Ans.—Because it's down in the mouth.

☞ Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Ans.—Because, though first in pity, he is the last in help.

☞ Why is a dull and plausible man like an unrifled gun? Ans.—Because he is a smooth bore.

☞ When are tailors and house agents in the same business? Ans.—When they are gathering the rents.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." METAGRAM—Bun. (Fun, Dun, Gun, Hun, Nun, Run, Sun.)

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 21st.—The chance of winning is 65164300381-68719476736—A. Martin. Chance is 333-445—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Aug. 14th.—Solidity of cone, 1026021.4272 inches. Diameter of globe, 112 inches—E. P. Norton, J. Scott.

Answers to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date.—30,7344 billionths of an inch—F. M. Priest. 00004146+ inches—J. Scott.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 28th.—The conchoid. If the board is five feet long the curve is an ellipse—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date.—13 acres, 44 perches—F. M. Priest, Joseph S. Phebus, J. B. Sanders.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Sept. 4th.—A 10-21, C 6-21, D 5-21—A. Martin. A 10-21, C 10-35, D 20-84—J. B. Sanders, Jennie. A 15-59, C 24-59, D 20-59—J. N. Soders. A 13-30, C 3-10, D 4-15—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date.—13 is the number—J. Scott, W. J. Barrett, J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—12—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, J. B. Sanders.

RECEIPT FOR CORN BREAD.—One quart of *coarse* corn meal, one quart sweet milk, one even teaspoon soda, two even teaspoons of cream of tartar, four eggs well beaten (two will do.) A piece of butter the size of a walnut—a little salt. Bake with a quick heat, and it will be as light as sponge cake. But remember you cannot make good light corn bread with *fine* meal; it must be ground coarse.

CROQUETTES OF FISH.—Take dressed fish of any kind, separate it from the bones, mince it with a little seasoning, an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of flour, and one of milk; roll it into balls; brush the outside with egg, and dredge it well with bread-crumbs, fry them of a nice color; the bones, heads, tails, with an onion, an anchovy, and a pint of water, stewed together, will make the gravy. Lobsters make delicate croquettes; in which case the shell should be broken, and boiled down for the gravy.